



Emil



Emil

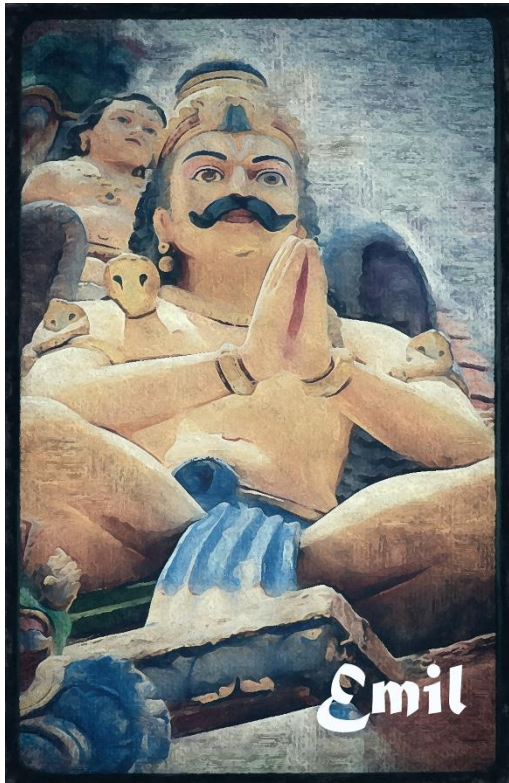
Come the

REVOLUTION

Emil

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GREETINGS FROM THE LOST WORLD OF EMIL



Friends, neighbors and surprisingly, many of you seem to be fans of Emil and his ever increasing sense of miss-direction, confusions and lost of all practical sense...even more than normal...

We are deeply concerned in regards to recent events in Emil's personal life and hopefully, you will be too.

Maybe it is that evil demon of age that has made such a drastic advancement, gripping a foothold somewhere leeching deep in the recesses, lost out there in the back forty of Emil's decreasing. shrinking brain...

Remember all of those old American TV PSA's

"Here is your brain on drugs...?"

Yea...those!

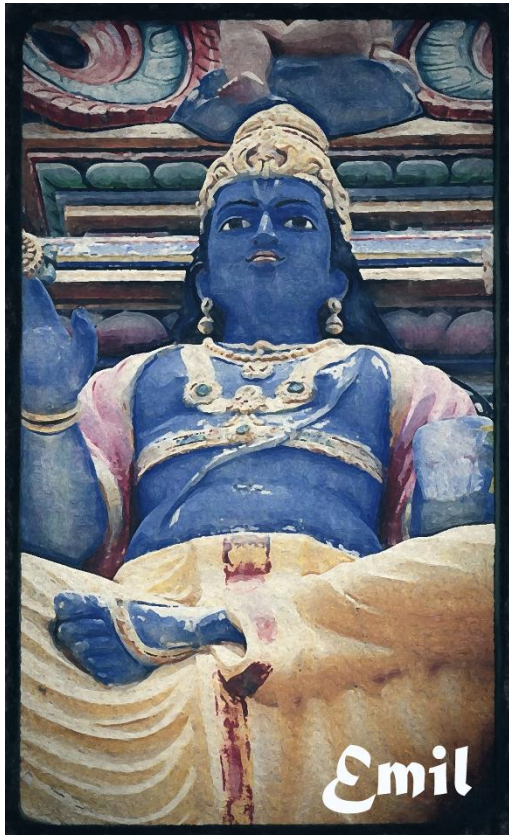
That is Emil minus the drugs, due to his natural chemical imbalances and being that Emil is the cheapest SOB that I have known, Emil never had an reason for drugs little alone the funds to partake.

Anyway, we light a candle, say a prayer for Emil to return to his normal insanity...we hope you will too.

Seine LaGone



ASHBURY PARK TIS AIN'T! BUT, WHAT DE HECK!

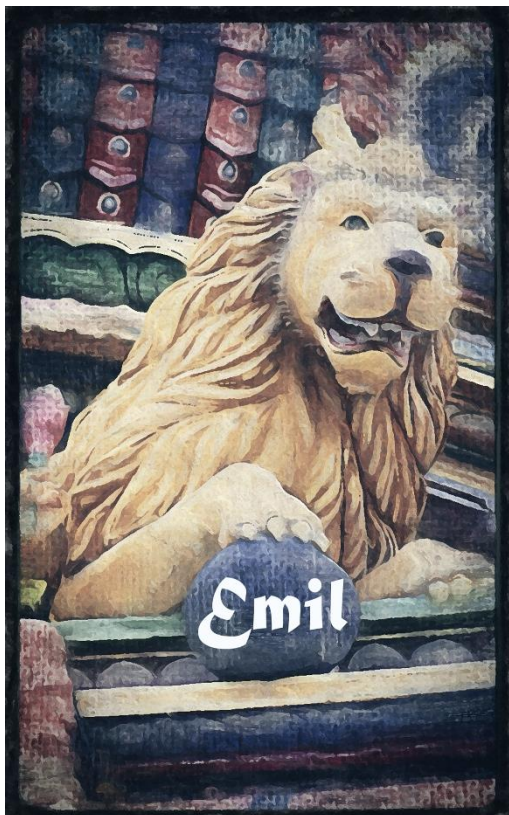


There was a time, yes! Indeed, there was definitely a time, even if it was to be truthful, in that it was actually somewhat removed and really shaded differently from these modern times...there was still a time that was somehow relatable to what is going on...that we can draw meaning from and we can seek out a better solution this time around...someone once said that history repeats...like summertime TV.

What time or times?

Not really sure if I want to commit to a special date, time or era as some internet troll will make it their mission to fact check me into the next generation and the whole thought that I was so badly trying to convey will be hopeless loss in troll speak and in madding banter in a "take-no-prisoner" violent Twitter Blitzkrieg...

The world has finally reached its saturation level of freakiness' lost in the angry lust brought on by a seeming and obsessed desire to not only burn the system down but, seem hell-bent and is seemingly trying to one-up my level of what Seine refers to as my "Chemical Imbalances."





Emil

ASHBURY PARK TIS AIN'T! BUT, WHAT DE HECK!

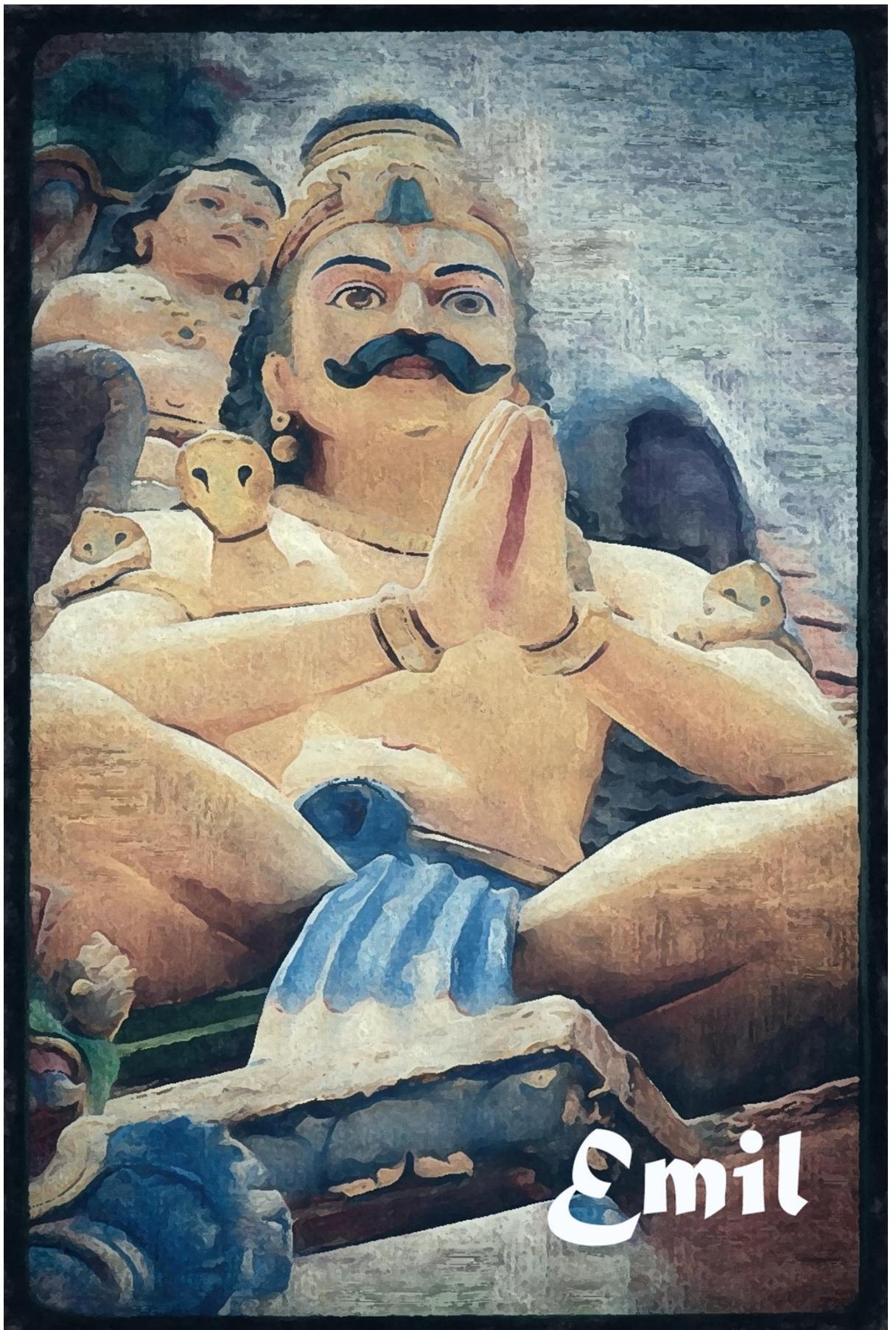


Having spent some time in West Texas, roustabouting in the oil fields and on any given evening, you could find me with my fellows, sucked up to a wood worn, bar counter trading one wild tale (urban legend) after another and I am here to tell you truthfully that there is an old saying (sage wisdom) in these parts that you "don't let the truth get in the way of good story.."

To an extent, I agree and that a slight add here or few deductions from there does make a more interesting tale to the listener...sales and marketing are but another extension of this same believe...but, when you extend this to the evening news, seeking for an ever increasing in their national ratings – market share...it becomes somewhat terrifying as many people still believe in the objective fairness of the evening news...

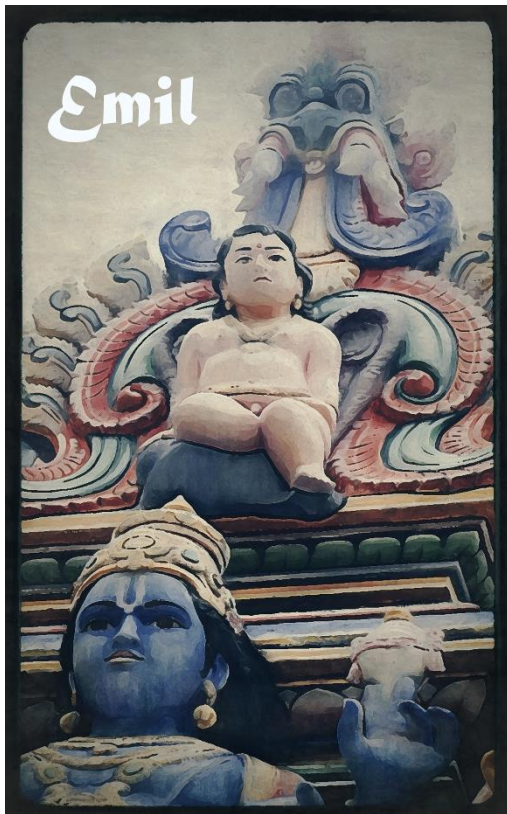
Remember Glenny Beck back in the days when he tried to raise an army of true believers to oust our dully elected but according to him our first "Kenyan" President?

People still believe that nonsense !!!



Emil

ASHBURY PARK TIS AIN'T! BUT, WHAT DE HECK!



To Glenn Beck's faithful, raised in a previous generation when news people (talking heads and news readers) were stoic, faithful to even-handedness presentations...

"Just the facts!"

They took Glenn at face value, when he looked into their collective eyes and did not even stutter as he explained that our new president wasn't the Jackie Robinson" success story we believed him to be but, that he was in fact, a evil Islamic, Manchurian Candidate born in Kenya and bent on the destruction of our nation.

Flash forward...2018...

I know the Donald wishes that all he had to deal with the theory that he was a Kenyan sleeper-cell terrorist.

WAIT!

He was accused of being a sleeper-cell, Manchurian Candidate who was put into power by the evil cunning of Putin and his masterful ability to turn \$30,000 in Facebook ads into the greatest political upset in American History...

Glenn would be proud!

Reality is everyone hated Hillary!







Emil

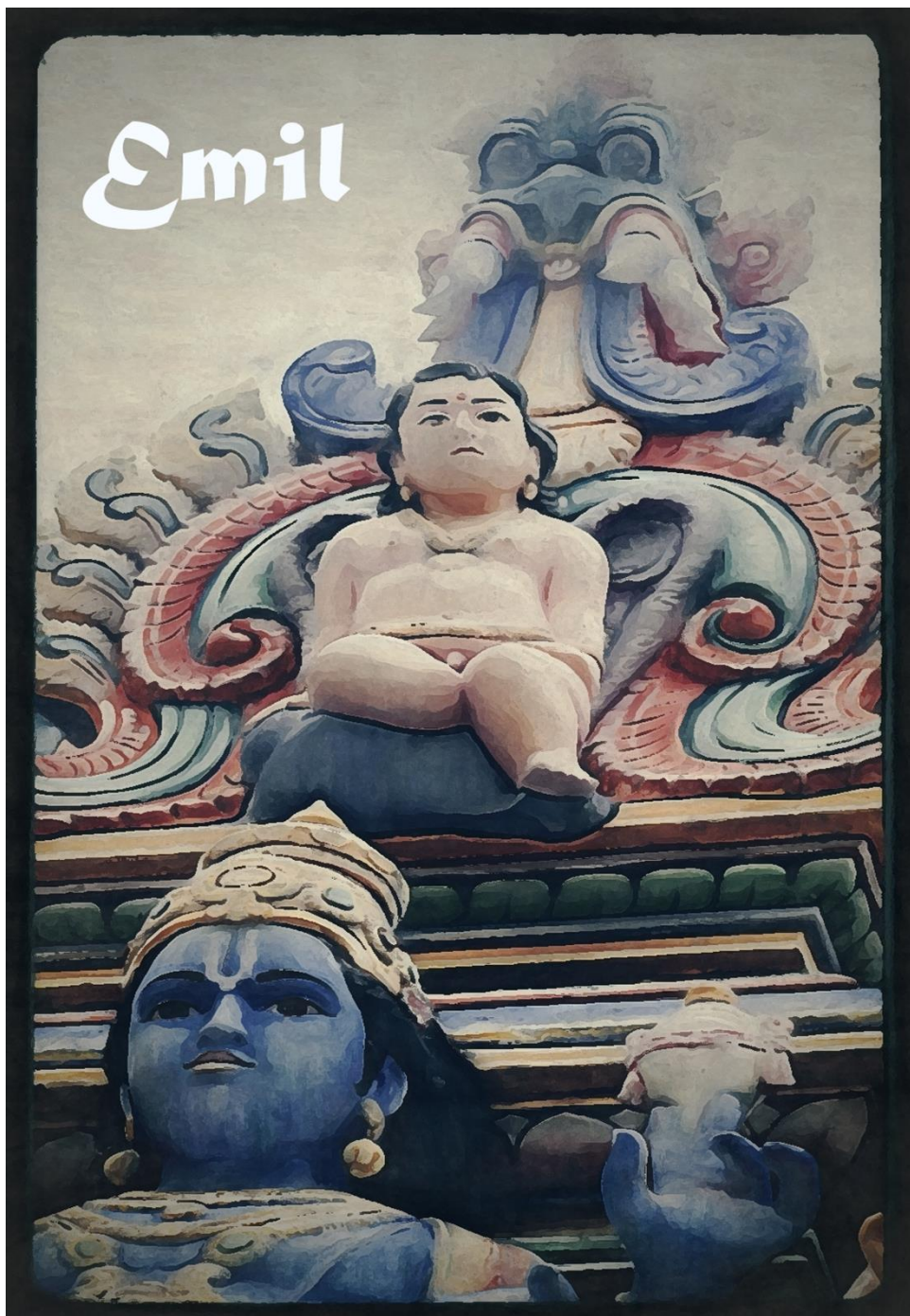
"Oh! there is no doubt that man is master of all, and I believe many people have been preserved by the power of the human eye, and many more might be saved if they only had the coolness to exercise the power which has been bestowed upon them."





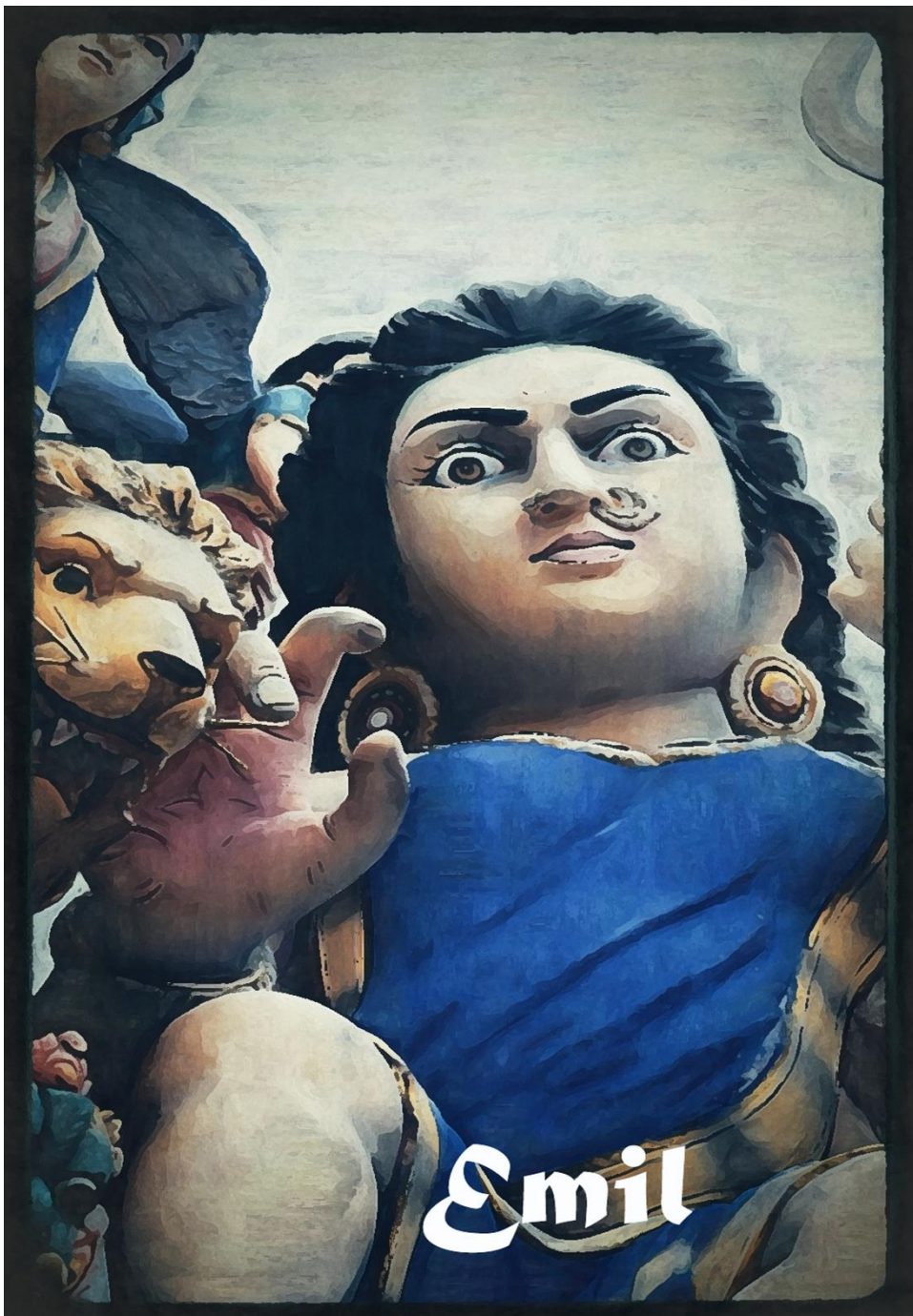
Now, some people may say, here is a long story about nothing, or rather about getting a glass of wine-and-water; but I wish you to observe everything that takes place.





Together they make a pretty picture, or rather a striking one; and so through life you will find that every half-dozen things that you observe will either form, or assist in forming, vivid pictures embraced by your mind, which will most certainly prove wonderment...





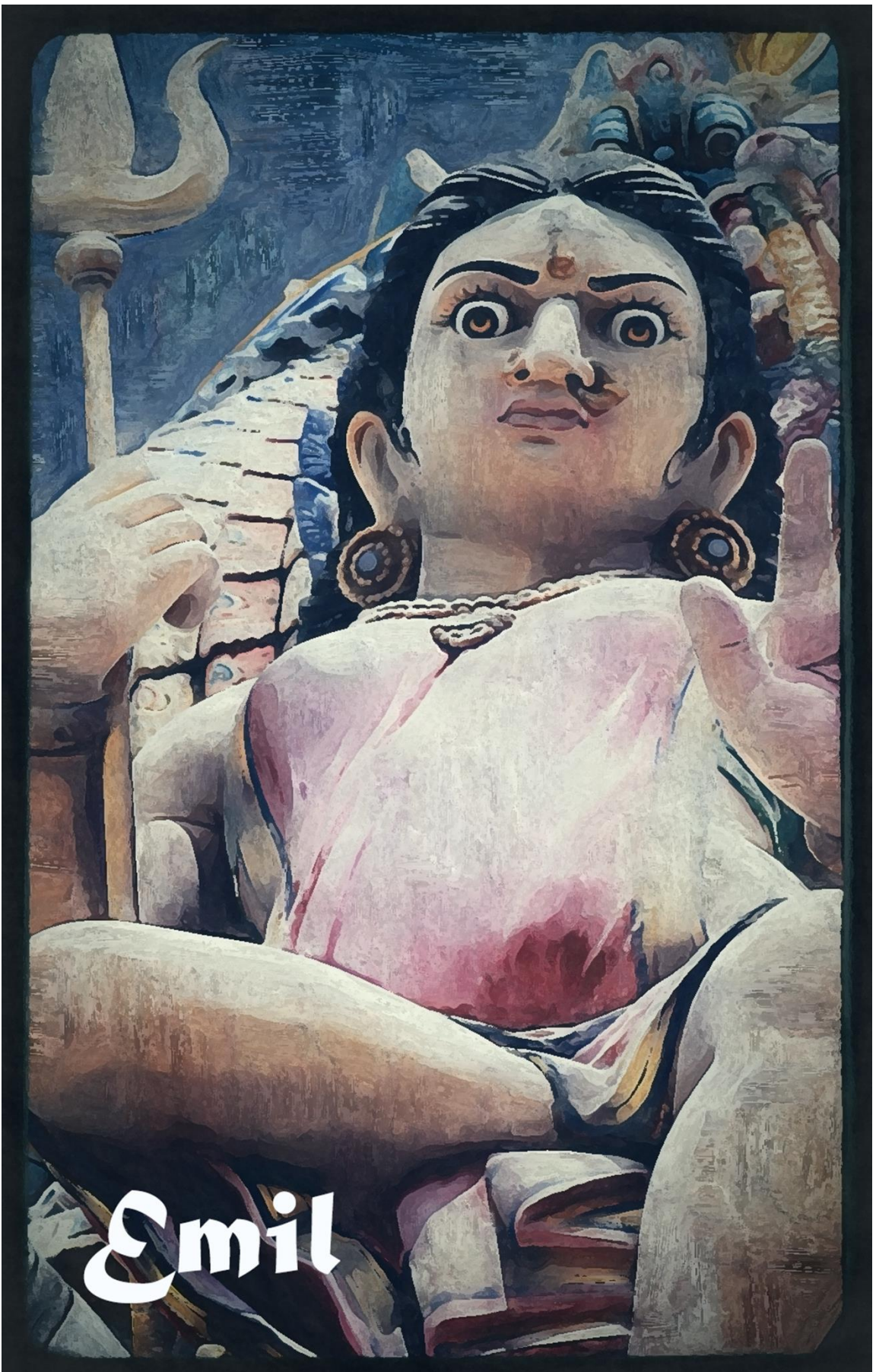
Suppose the situation, that it did indeed, it required for all to stand quiet, and had you but just listened to me, it would have led to a dear and noble narrative, suggests many ideas which, if followed up, would fill whole pages with bold tales of adventure and heroes to be...

Emil





"Oh, great king, have mercy! I have been to the Day of Judgement and I have no rice to feed my family. I can not remember when we last had the taste of food on our lips, O great king, give us the courage to finish our journey..."





It is a common English saying that the Hindus have no sense of gratitude, that they have not even a word to express that feeling in their language. I do not believe this to be truthful and that it serves only as a means to justify the cruelty the Raj imposes...

Emil





The Hindus say that the caves are the works of demons. Above the entrances to many of them are long inscriptions in a forgotten tongue. Several of the letters appear to resemble the Greek; but most of them are different from any known language.



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The Hindus look for a tenth incarnation, when they shall unite all the world in one religion, and themselves reign over them.

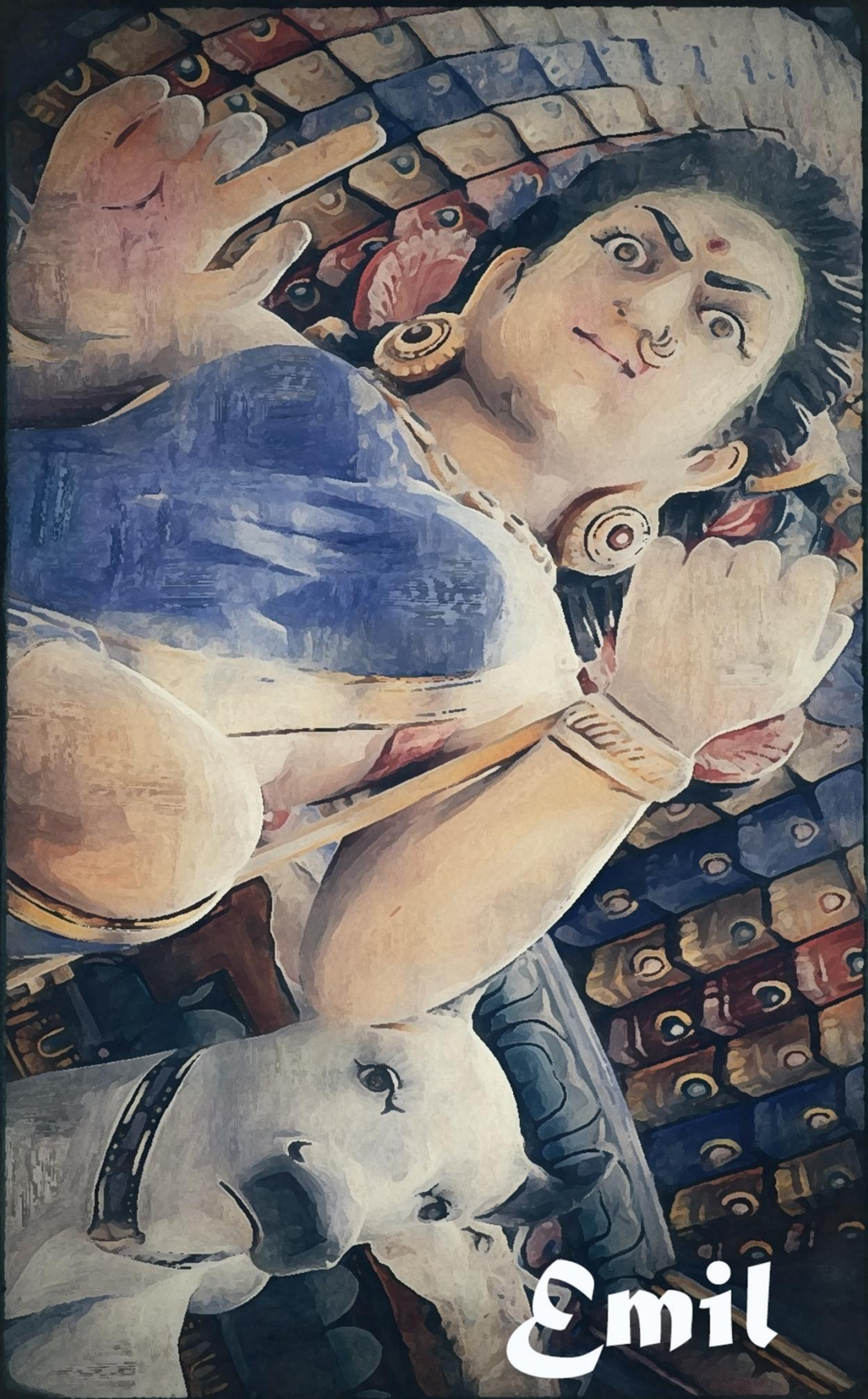
I believe I am correct in giving these as points of faith amongst the elitists and Brahmins...



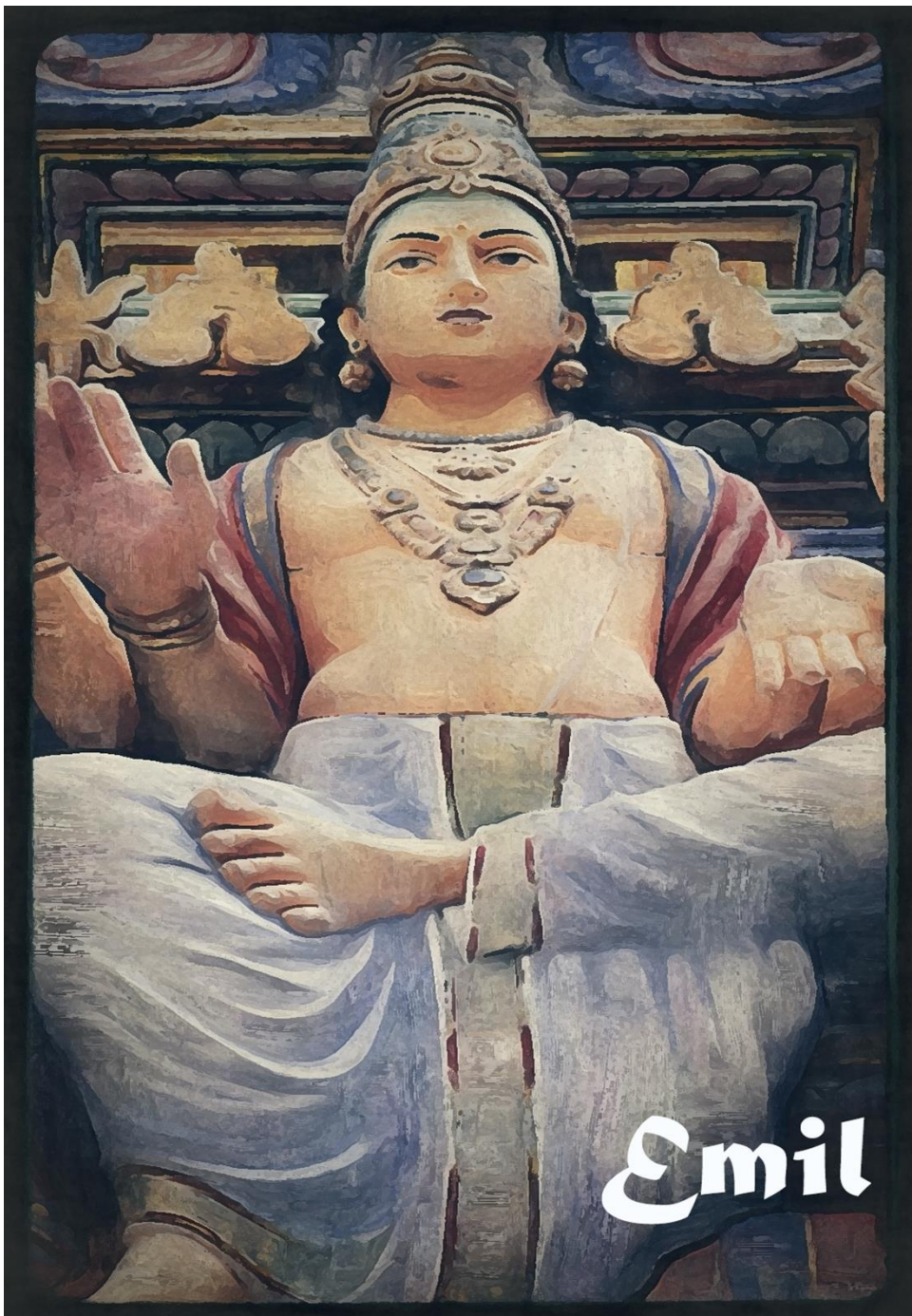


No European or low-caste Hindu is admitted into the temple; we can, therefore, only speak on hearsay of what goes on inside.

The idol itself is renewed every twelve years...



Emil

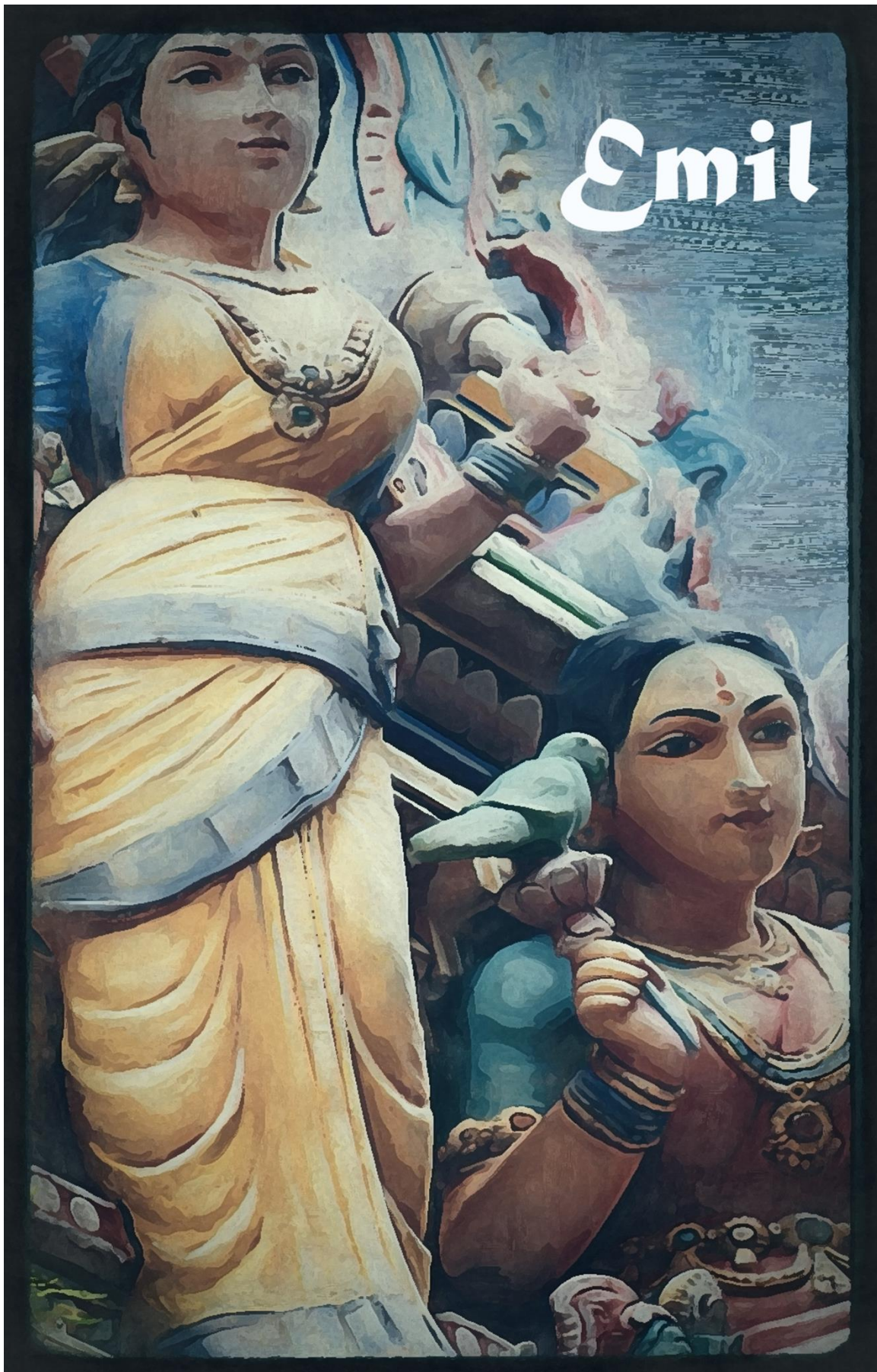


Wherever we go, we give sound laws, and
the people find peace and comparative happiness.
Under the native rajahs all is anarchy, bloodshed,
and oppression. Would that the whole of India were
under our sway...





She was truly a string of the fine pearls to be hung round the neck of all human intelligence; a fragrant flower to be bore up on the vision of our mental wisdom; a jewel of yet the purest gold upon on which sadly, becomes jaded and frail with time...



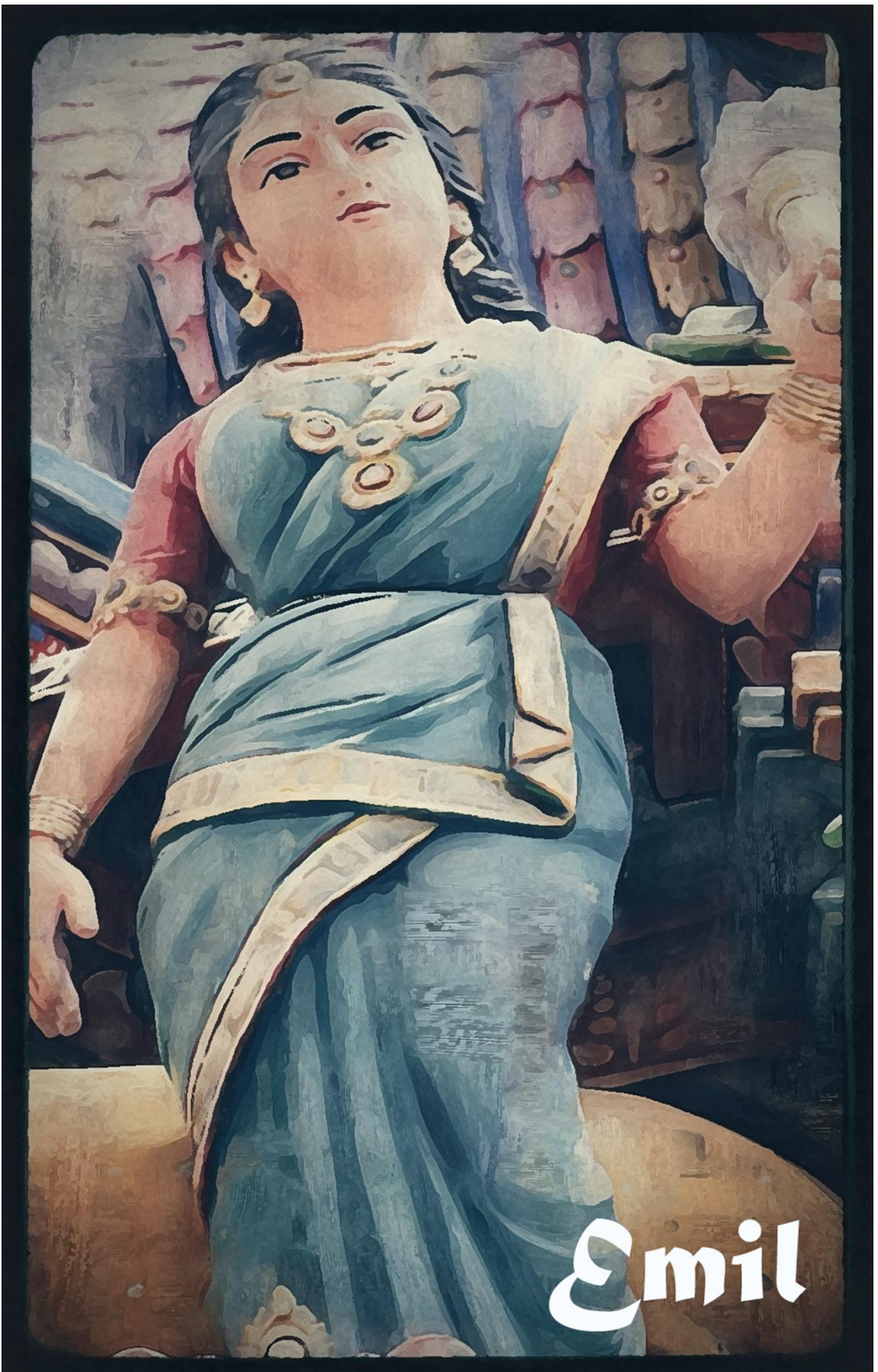


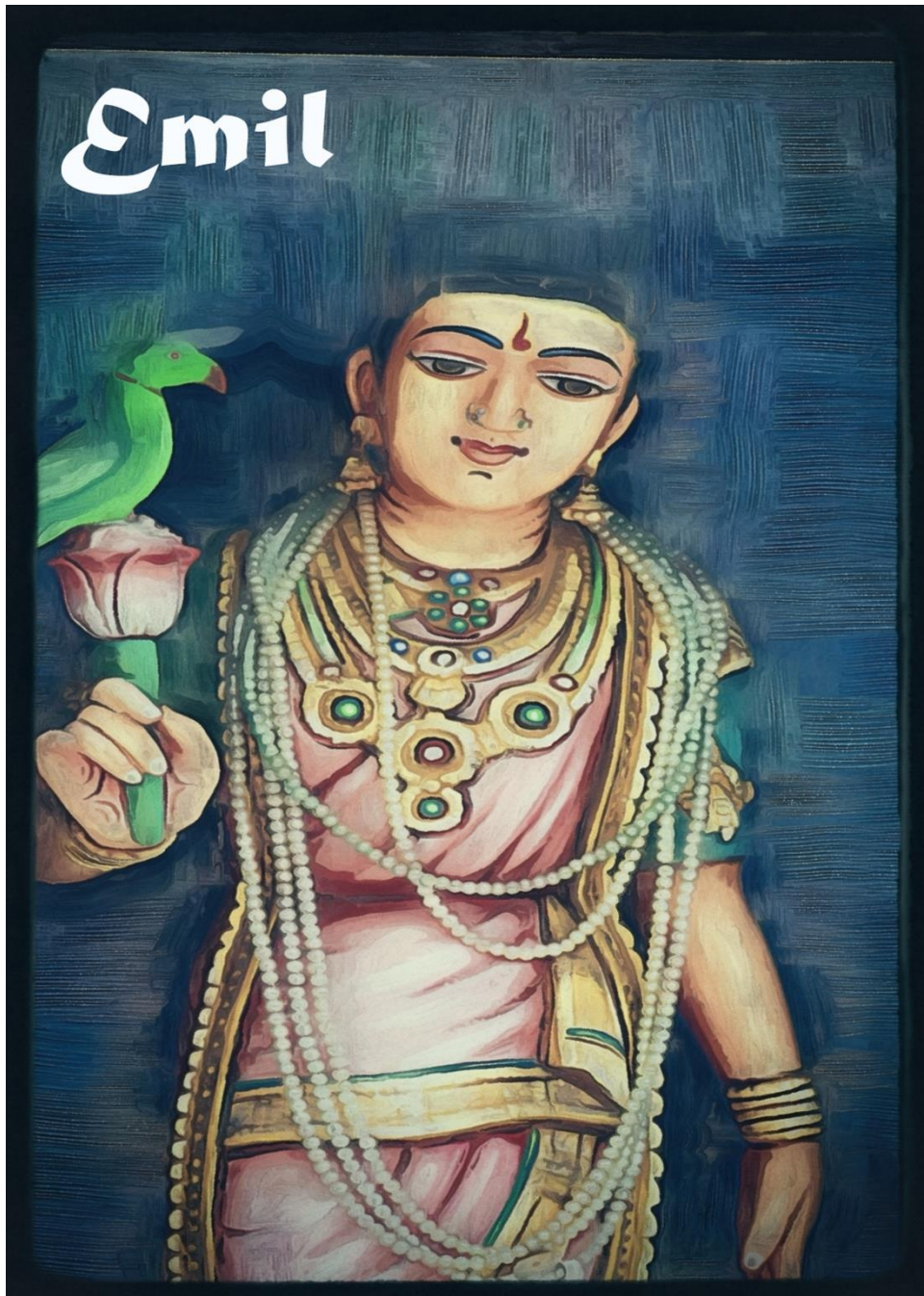
She was ever so careful in keeping at bay her subjection to lust, anger, avarice, folly, drunkenness, and pride; preserving herself from being seduced by the love of gaming and of the chase; restraining her desire for dancing, singing, and playing on musical instruments...





In a most steadily increasing torpidity to her natural spirit, she actually was able to trace the germs of that quietude which forms the highest happiness of womankind in this storm of matter called the world.





They said that she exceeded in beauty, her face was that of a full moon shining in the clearest night sky; her hair was that of the purple cloud of autumn when, gravid with rain, it hangs low over earth; and her complexion mocked the pale waxen hue of the large-flowered jasmine.

Emil





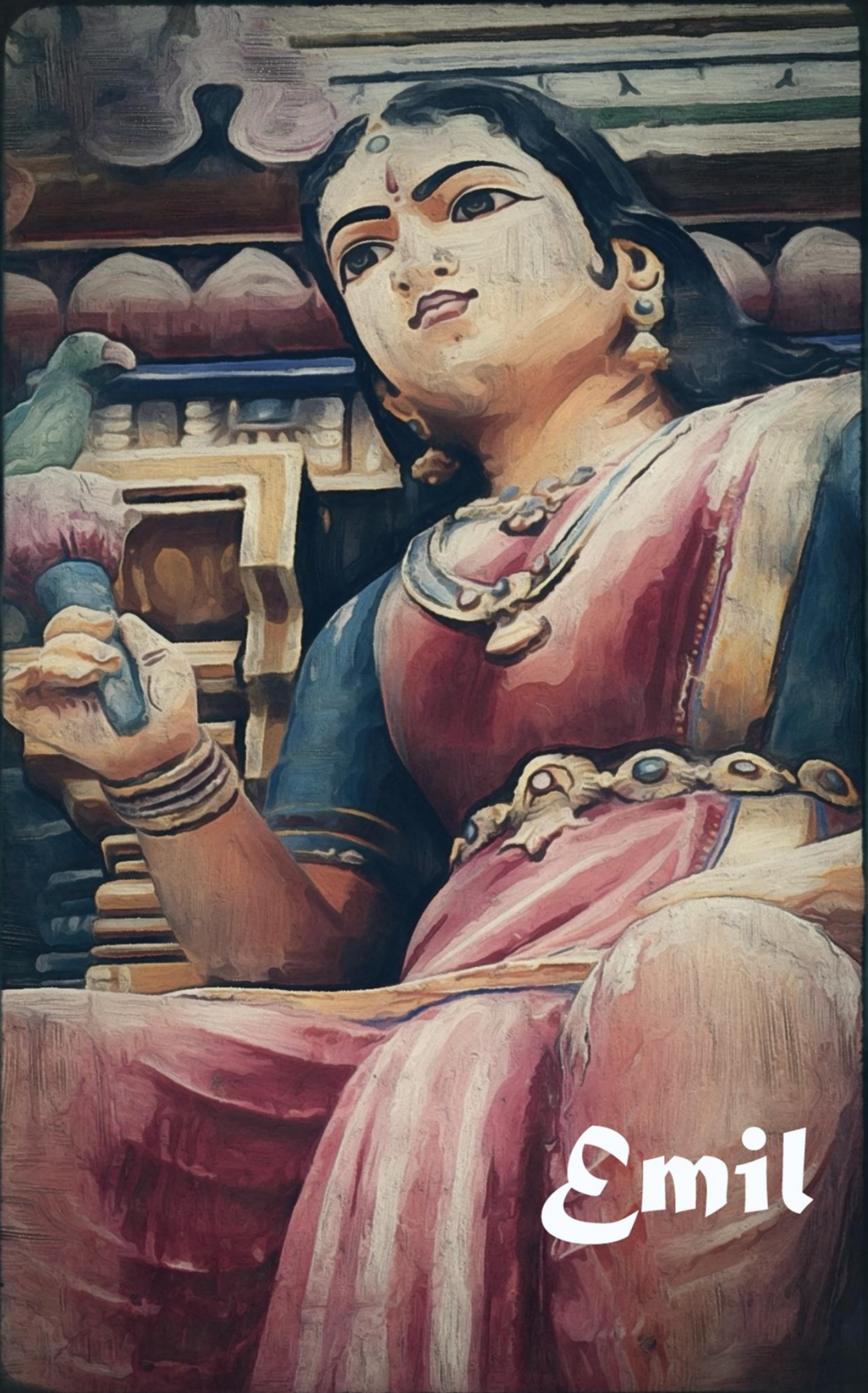
Those who saw her, would say that her eyes were like those of a timid antelope; her lips were as red as those of the pomegranate's bud, and when they opened, from them distilled a fountain of ambrosia.



Emil



She was a person of noble birth, endowed with shining abilities, popular, dexterous in business, acquainted with foreign parts, famed for her eloquence and intrepidity...rare for a woman in her age...a remarkably handsome woman, indeed!



Emil



He placed an intimate of his own in the high position of being a confidential councilor, the ambassador who sought the powers of the state to regulate war and peace...He fancied himself a god of war...but, secretly he was riddled by doubts...



Emil



In war, he was highly praised as he never slew a suppliant, a spectator, a person asleep or undressed, or anyone that showed fear to the rightfulness of his cause or that sought redemption...

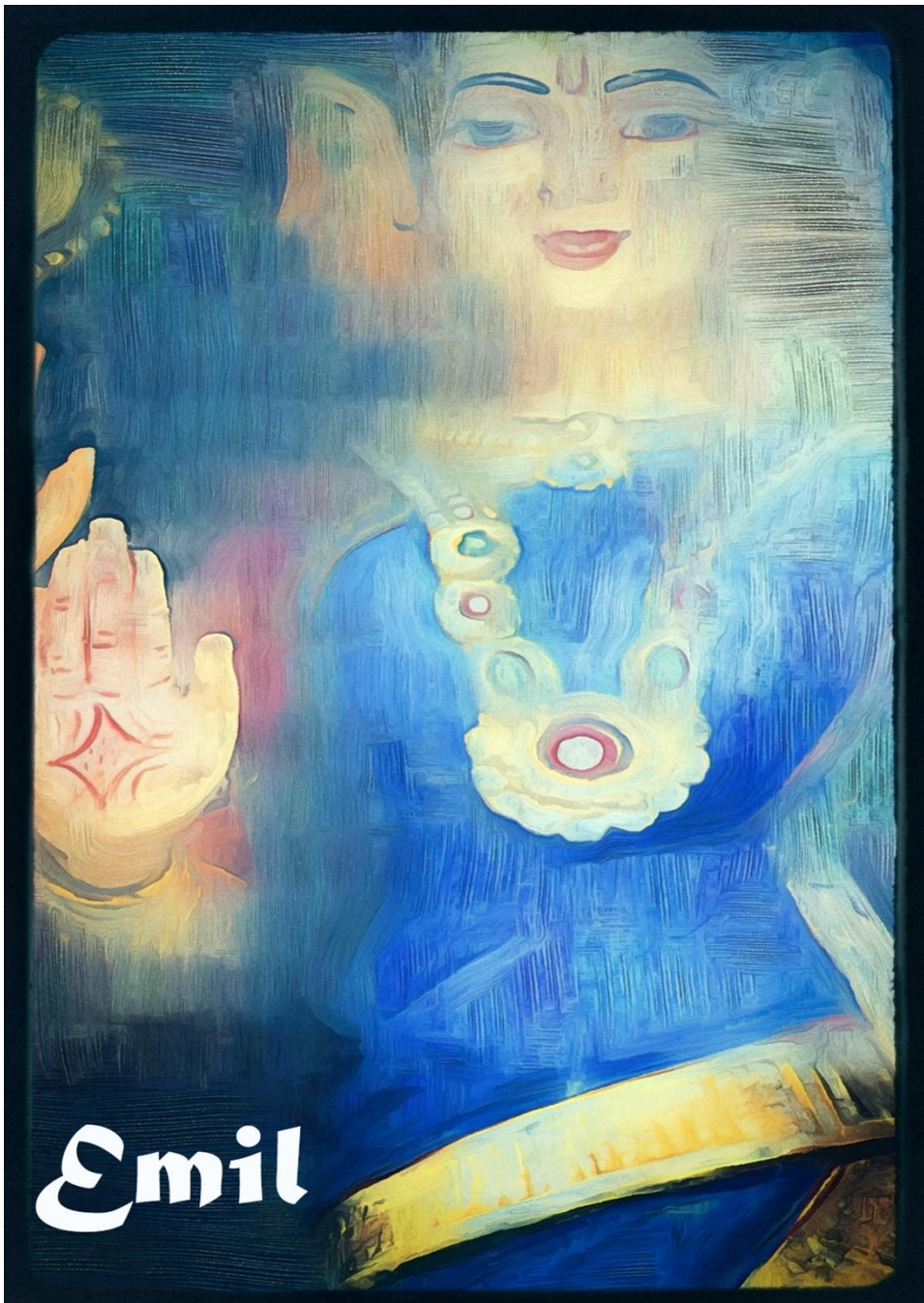


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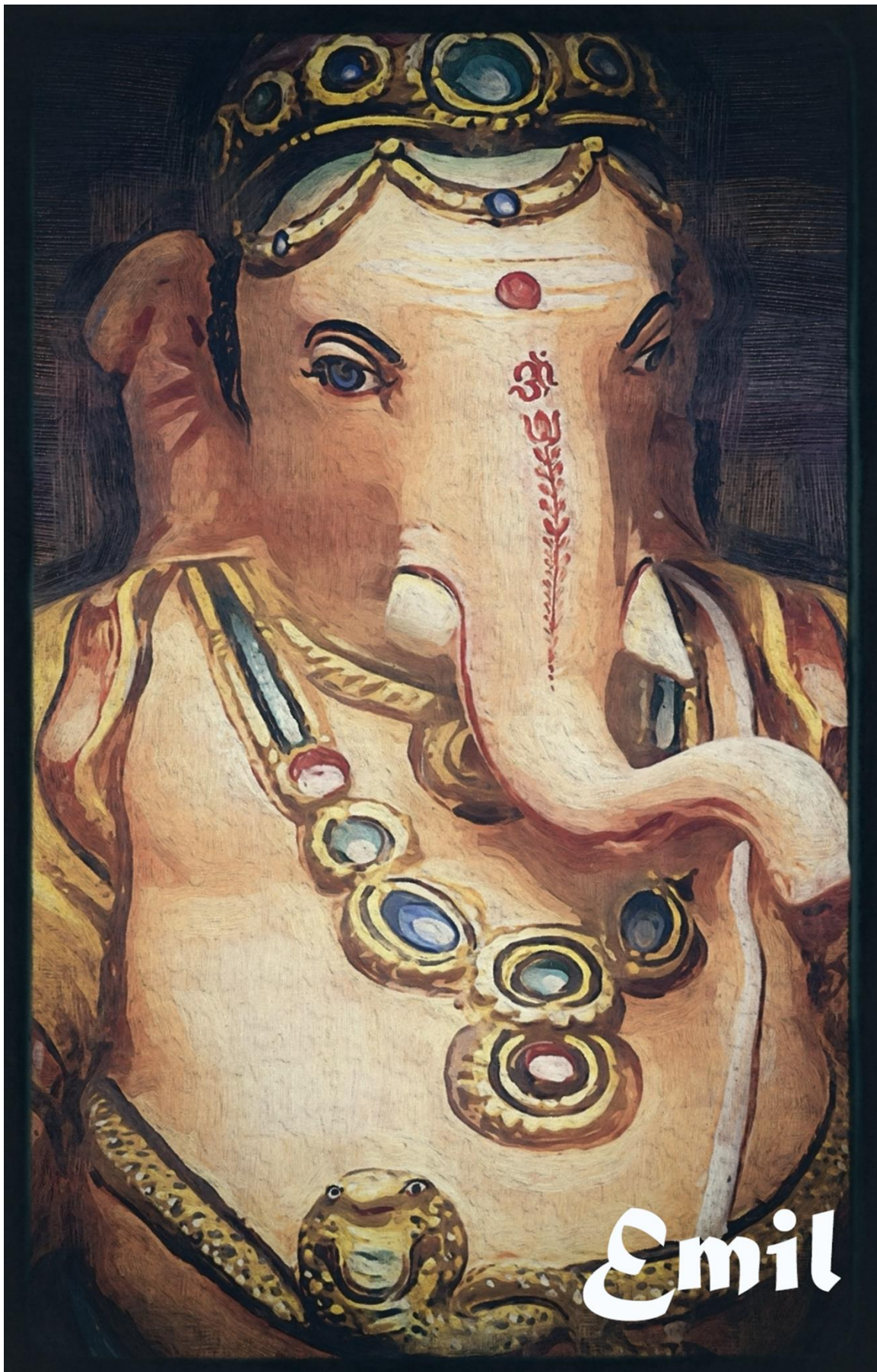


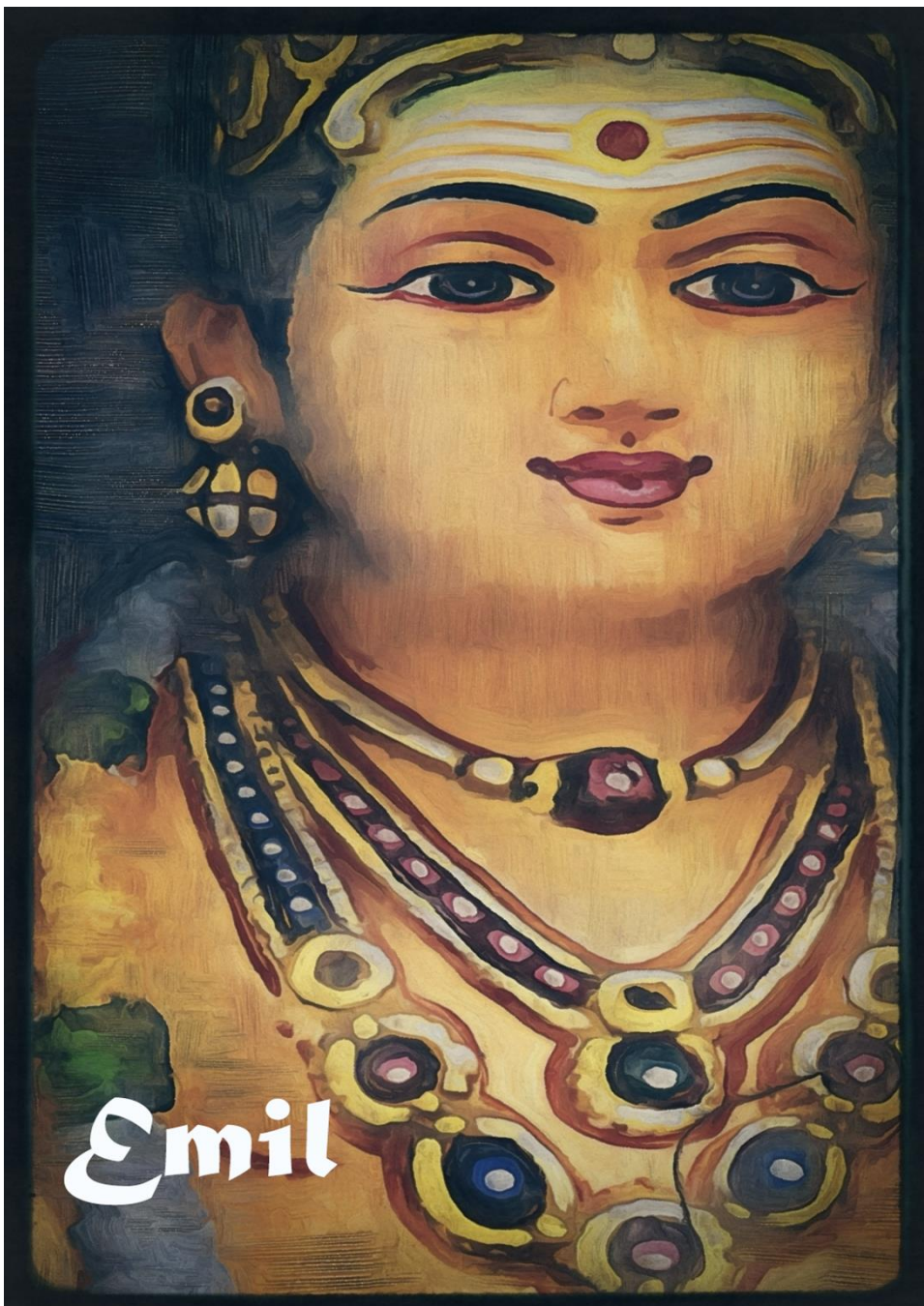
While she still remained subject to the laws of death; she concealed the motives from the depths of her inner thoughts, enlarging the conversation, as women are apt to do, upon everything but the truth as she spoke to her husband about the rumours of other men from the village...





She concluded with impressing upon her unworldly husband the necessity of requiring a large sum of money as a return for the priest's inestimable gift of freedom by allowing them sanctuary in the temple.





She asked me softly, what value are these delusions
of wealth and affection, whose sweetness endures
for a moment and becomes eternal bitterness?
To this day, I have yet to find the answer...



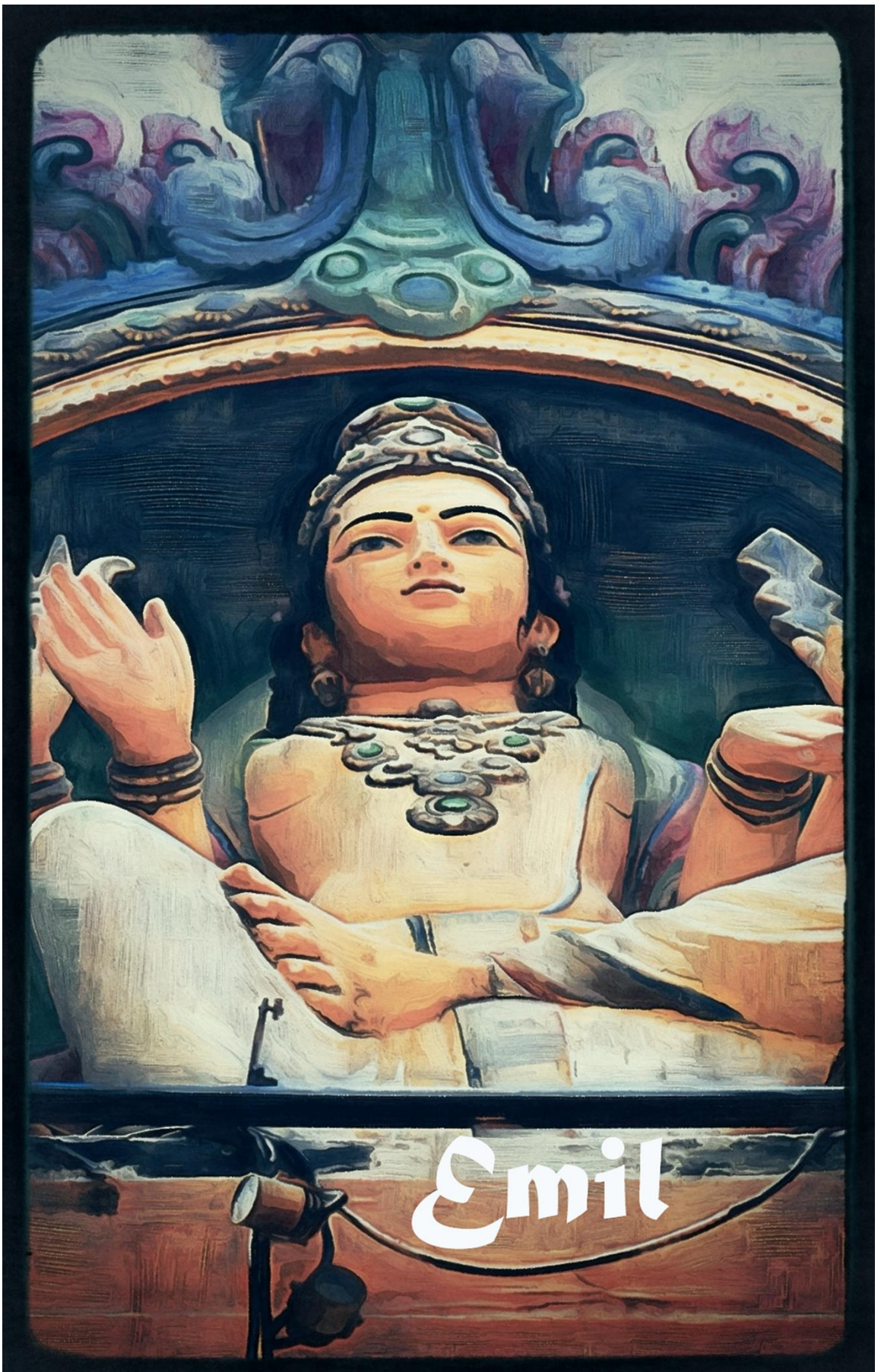


What is life but a restless vision of imaginary pleasures and of real pains, from which the only waking is the terrible day of death?
The affection of this world is of no use, since, in consequence of it, we fall at last into hell.





She explained the luxuries she possessed by the nature of her vow, which bound her to indulge in costly apparel, in food with six flavors, and in every kind of indulgence...so it was written before long she was born or so she said to all who challenged her selected lifestyle...



Emil



Be not too proud! I will save you from a nearly impending death. Only hearken to the tale which I have to tell you, and use your judgment, and act upon it as the king seeks your untimely demise...a most ugly death with no pity offered.

Emil





In order to save them, if such be the will of Old Lady luck, to escape from their impending destruction.

Therefore listen up and focus on my ever word!
Put distrust in all those who wish to dwell with and commune amongst the dead...





As they fled the city, out into the wilds of the frontiers, the hapless lovers could not help thinking that on this occasion it came a little too late. However, after a pause they returned to the subject of marriage and a long life together free from the bondage of the Raj...family...society...

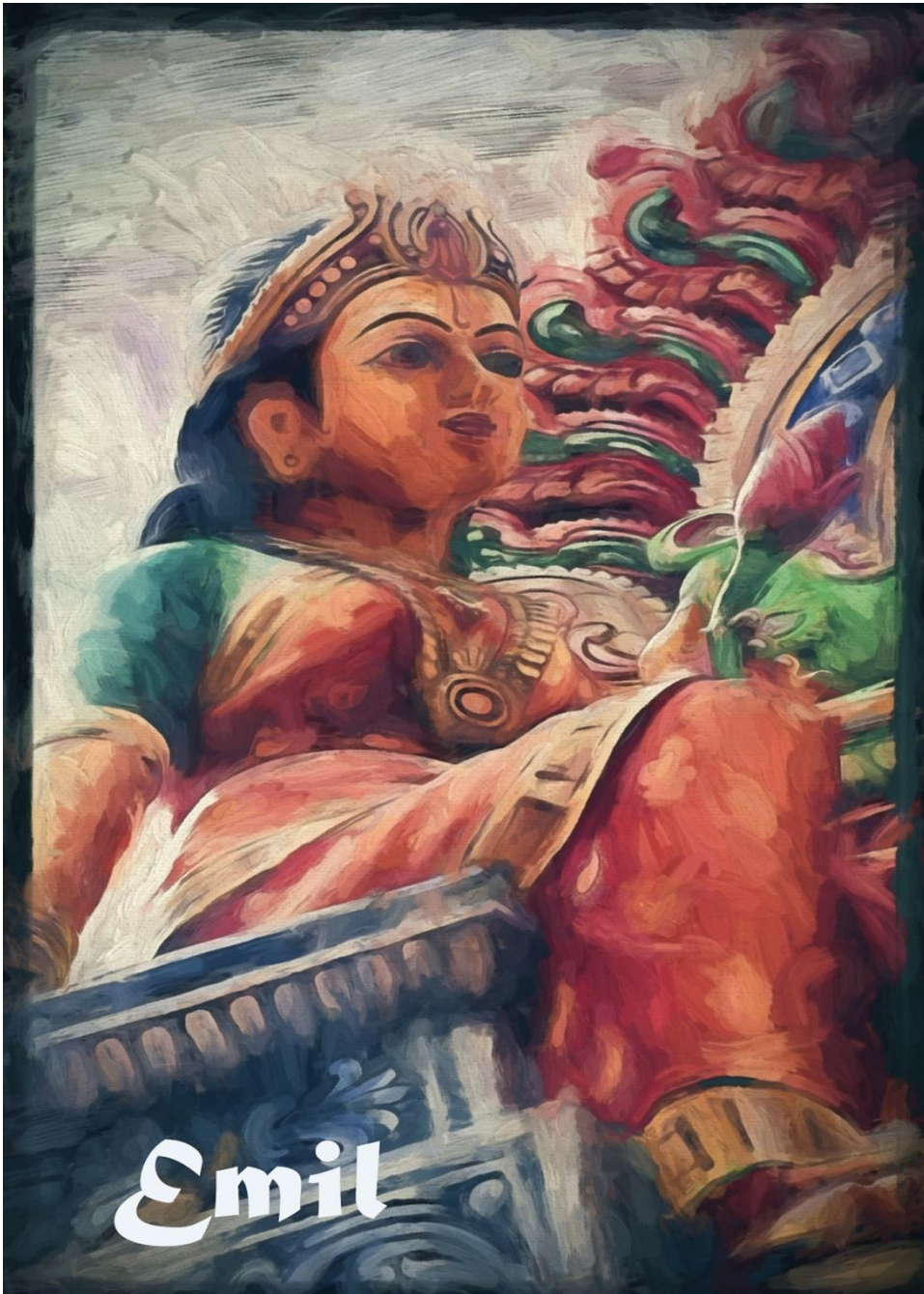
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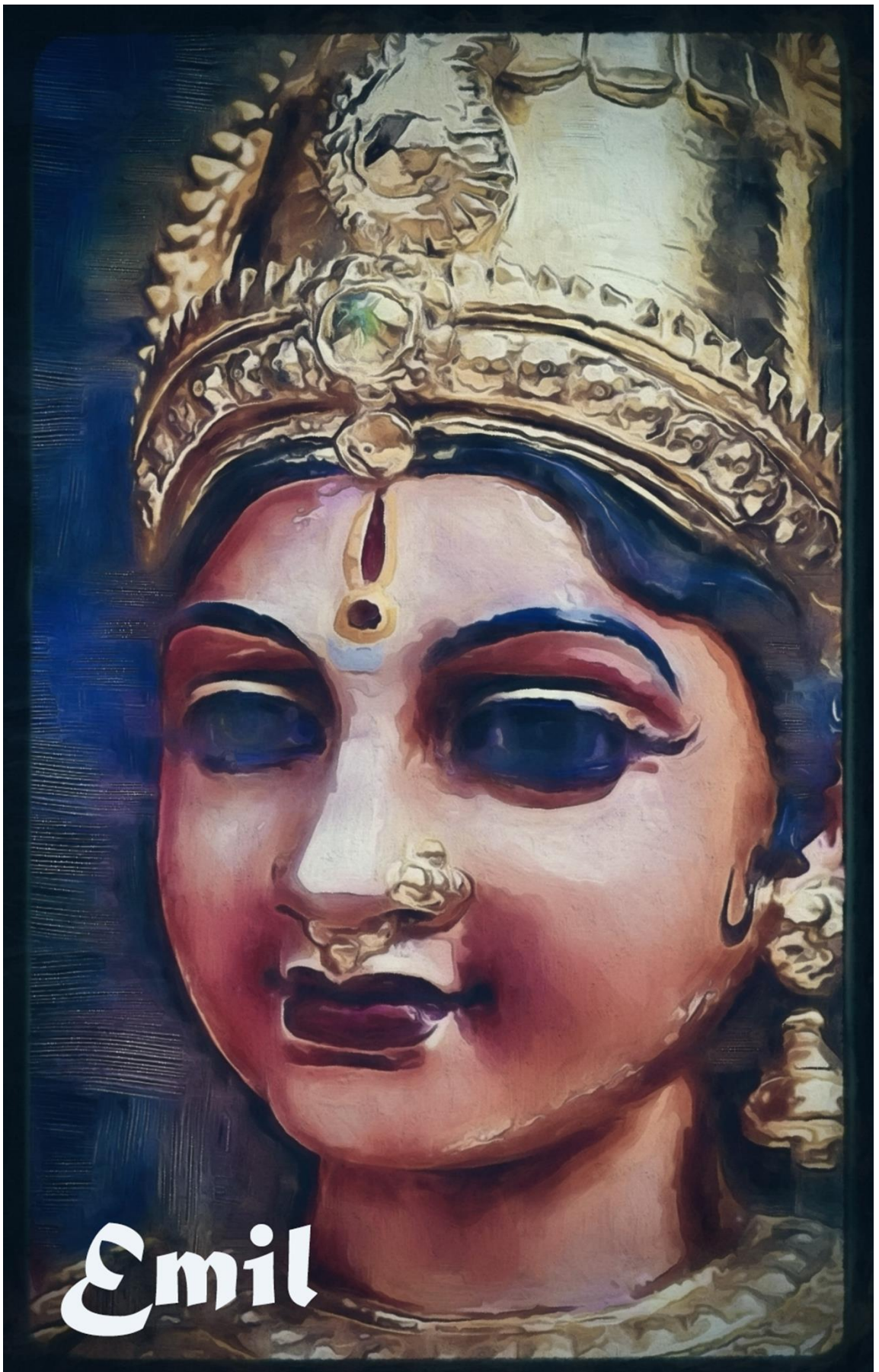


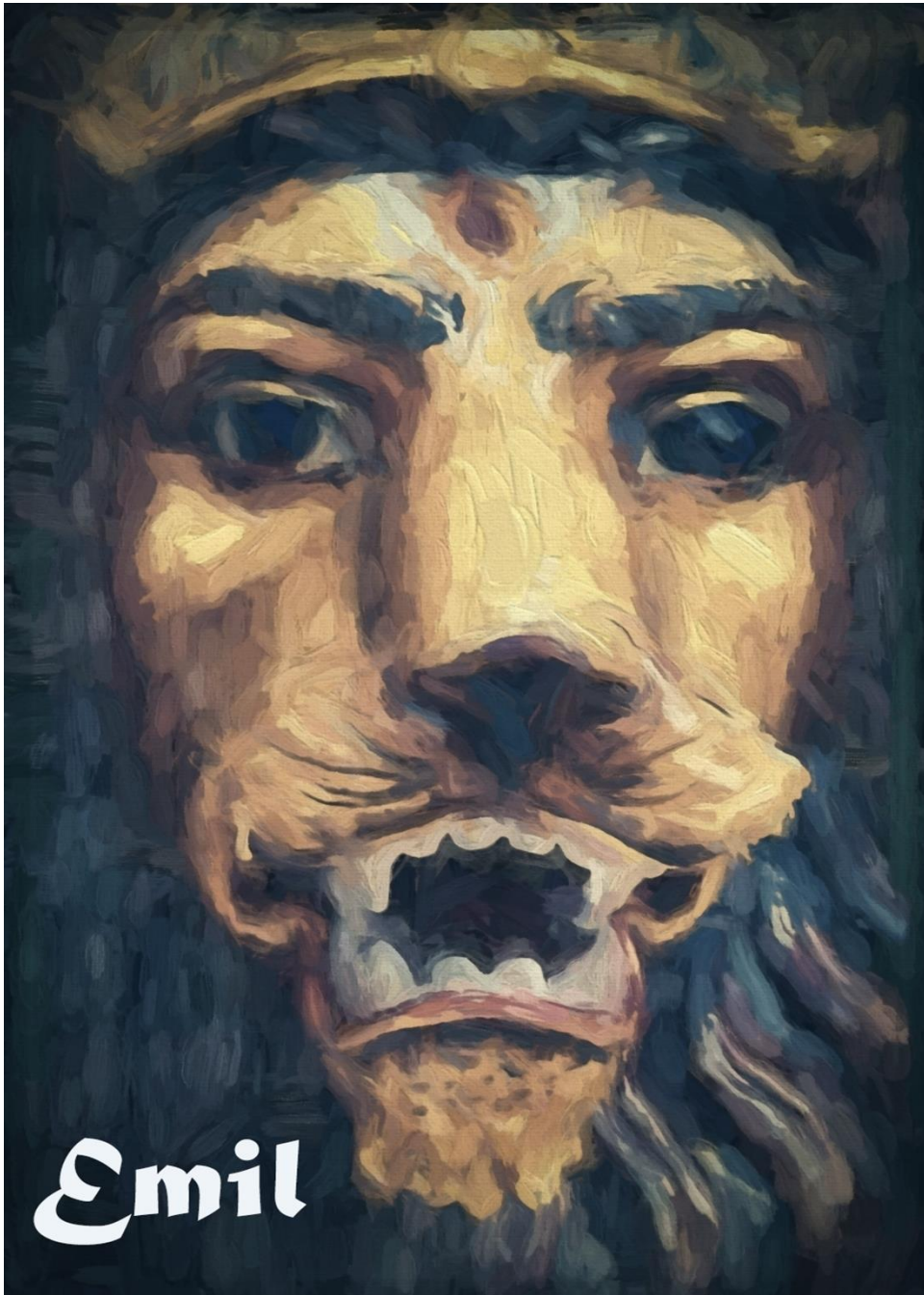
Sages spoke of a time when a worthy king was like fire and air; he was both sun and moon; he was the god of criminal justice; he was the genius of wealth; he was the regent of water; he was the lord of the firmament; he was a powerful divinity who in human shape...was sent to steward his people...



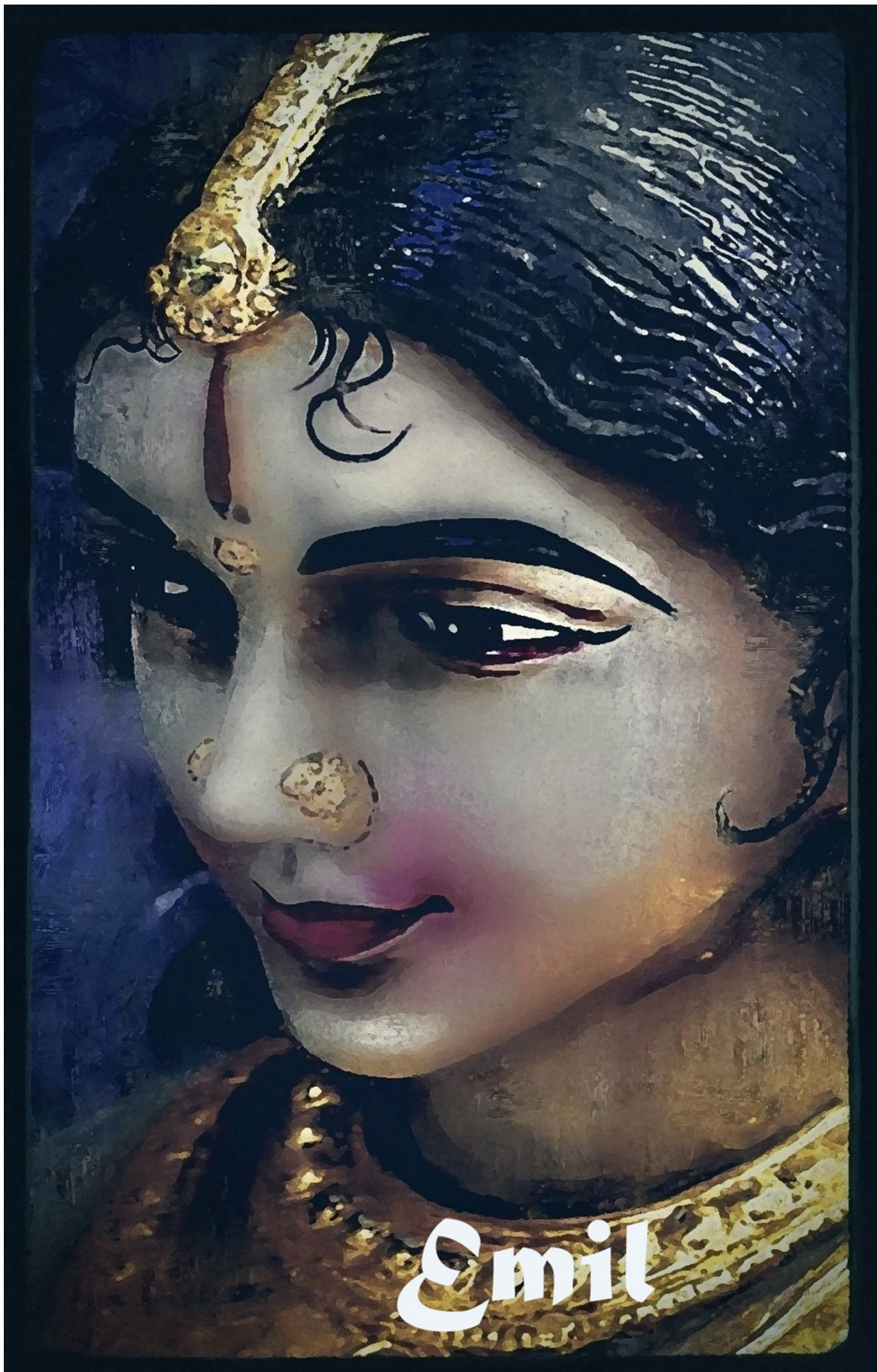


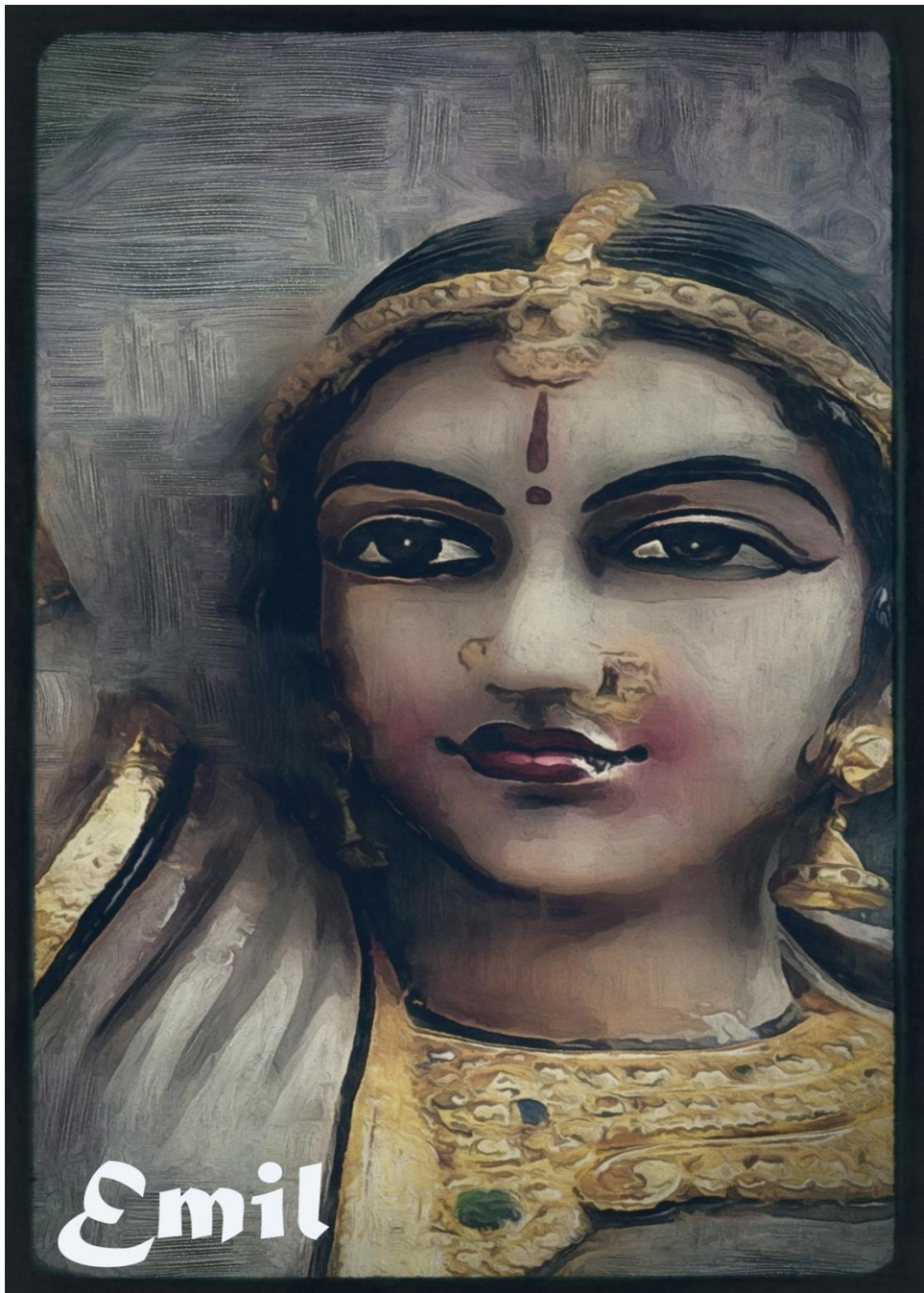
She determined to prove herself a hero, and feeling that the critical moment was now come, she hoped to rid herself and her house forever of the family curse that hovered over them.





It was his normal practice to choose every morning some tough food for reflection, and to chew the cud of it in his mind at times when, without such employment, his wits would have gone wool-gathering a lifetime ago...

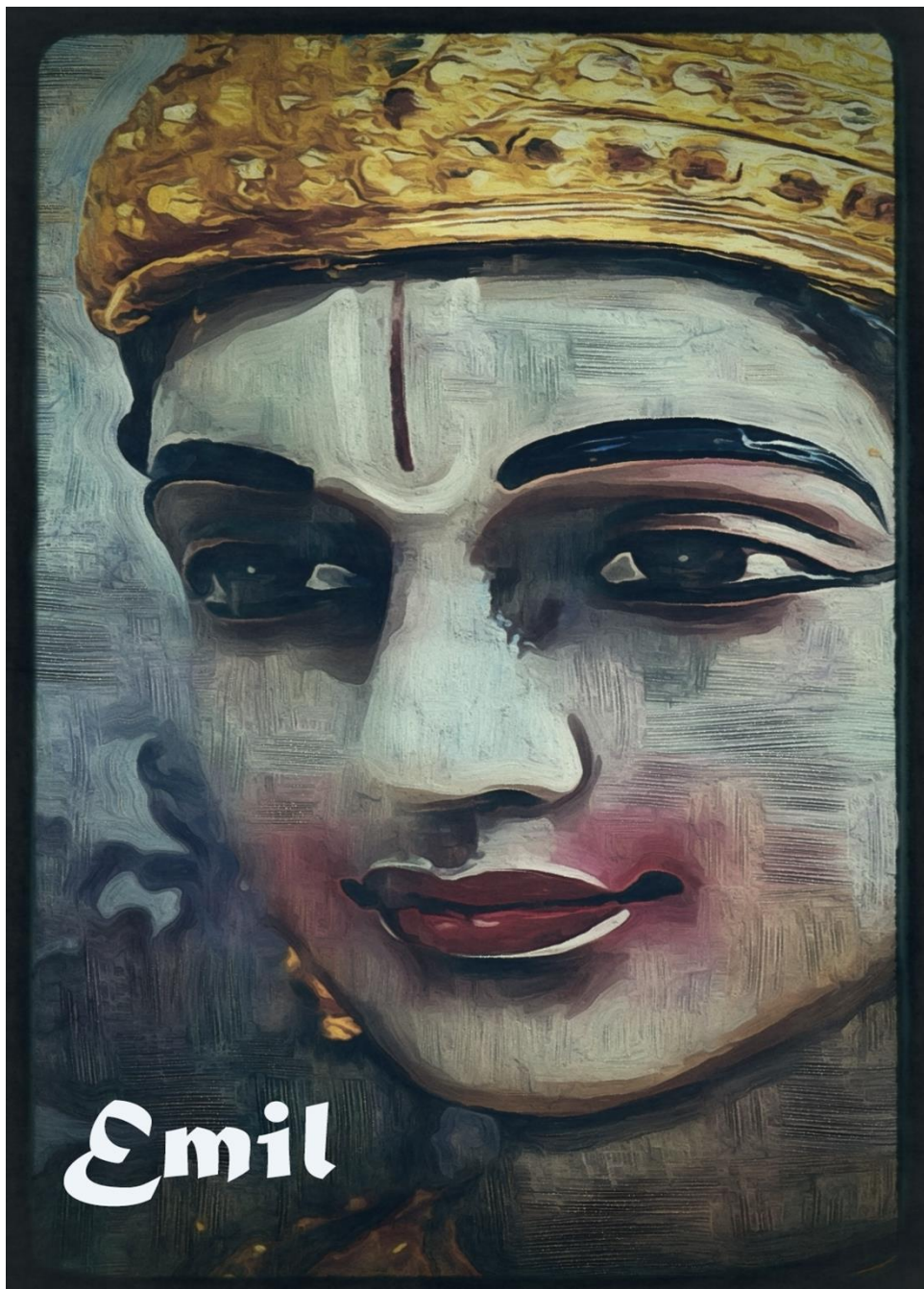




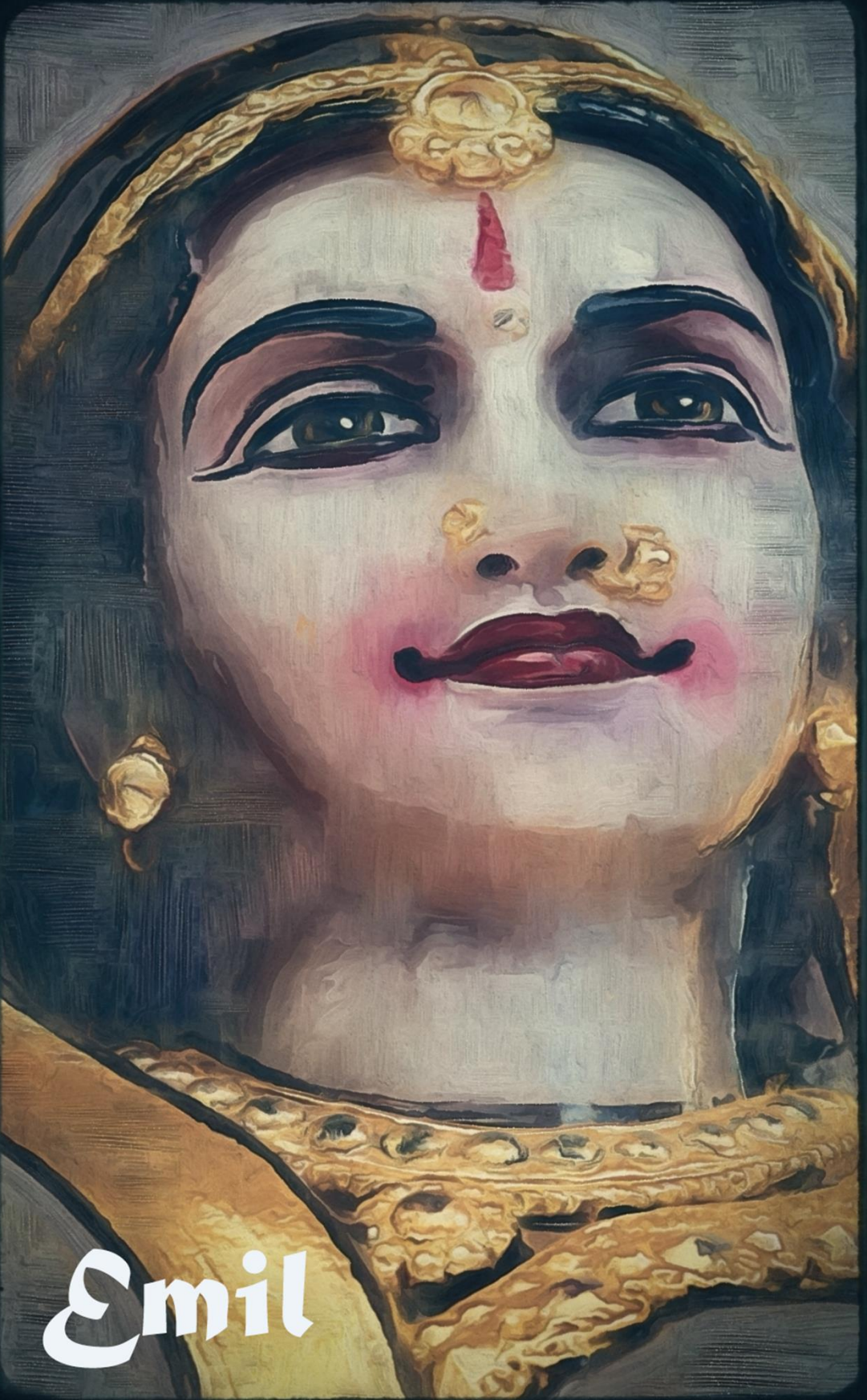
He used to constantly paint the portrait of the beautiful lotus gatherer, and lie gazing upon it with tearful eyes; then, he would in angry tear it to pieces and beat his forehead, and begin to draw yet another picture of a her beautiful face.

Emil

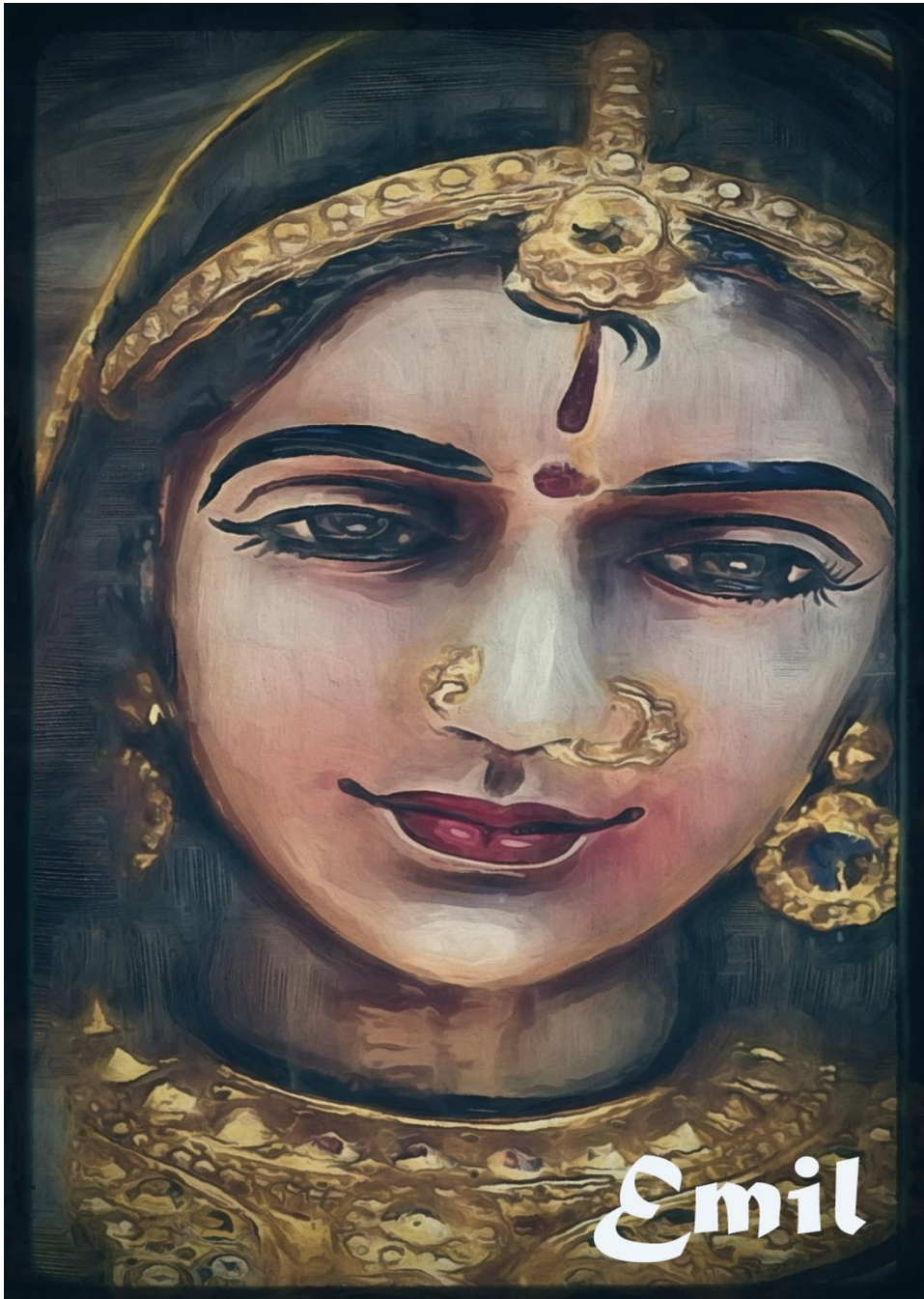




She whispered into his awaiting ear, whosoever dares to enter upon the path of love cannot survive it; and if by chance they should live, what is life to them but a prolongation of utter misery?



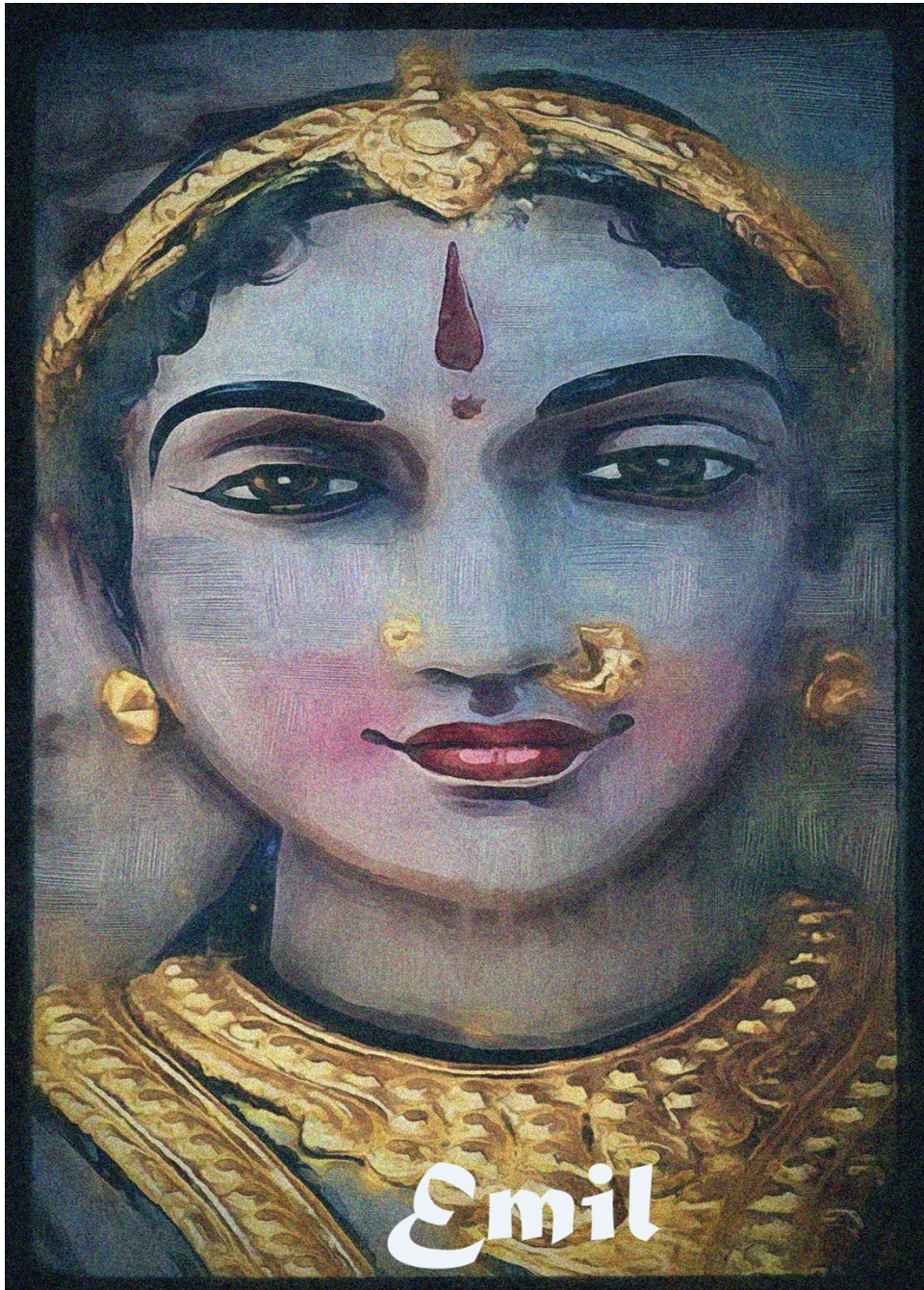
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"I have ventured to tread in a most dangerous way of love, if its end will be lost in pain or pleasure, happiness or destruction, that I do not care to speculate upon." She then hung down her head and sighed from the bottom of her heart.

Emil

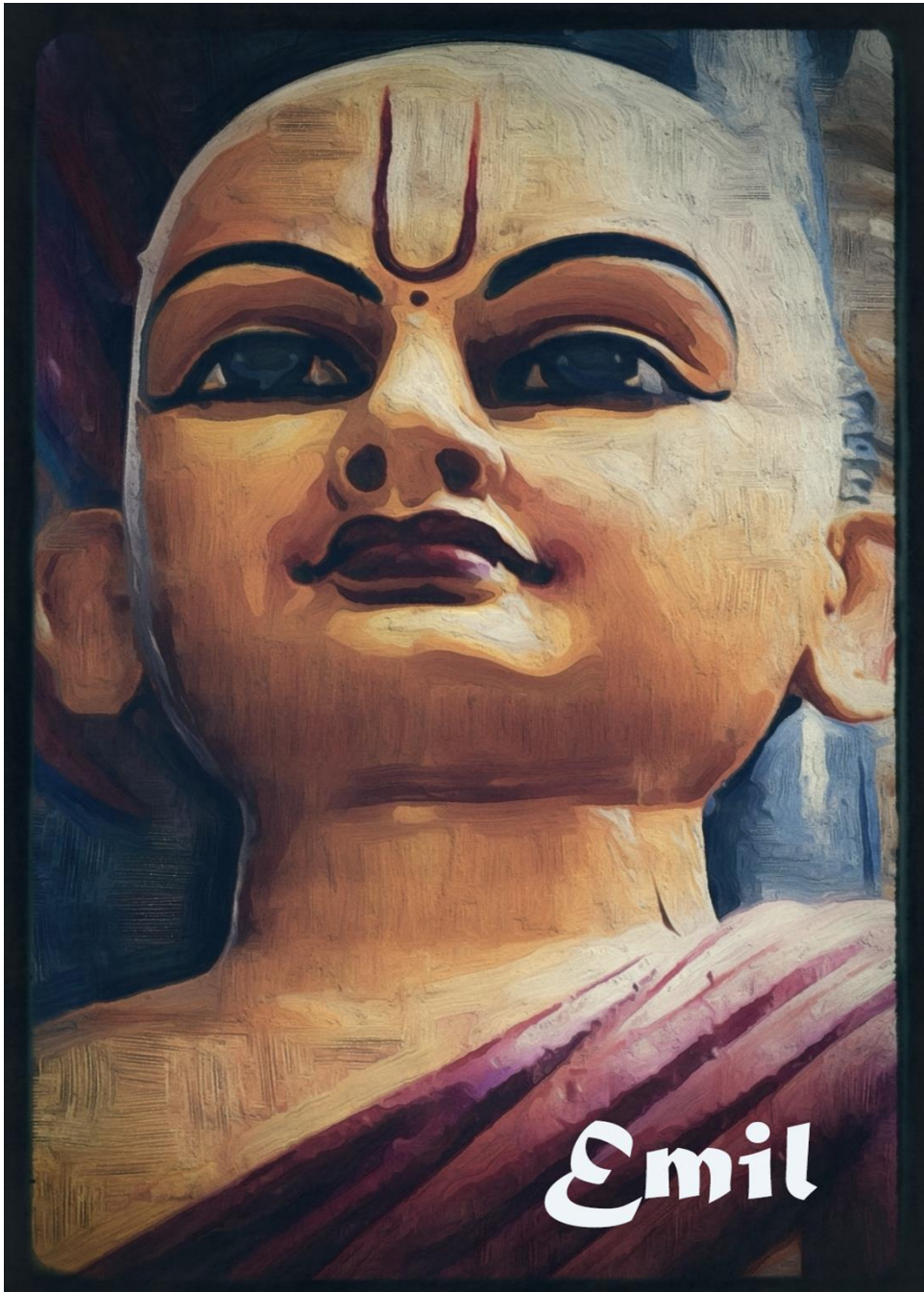




Love is but a lost opportunity which is seldom if ever recovered. The time to woo me is the very moment you meet me, before I have had time to think or reflect ; now, please allow me the use of this very moment of reflection so I may escape this net that you cast..



Emil



Barely was he but a mere score of years old, and he had been strictly brought up by serious parents. He therefore resigned himself entirely to the siren for whom he would so willingly forgot the world, and he wondered as to his good fortune...being fate...

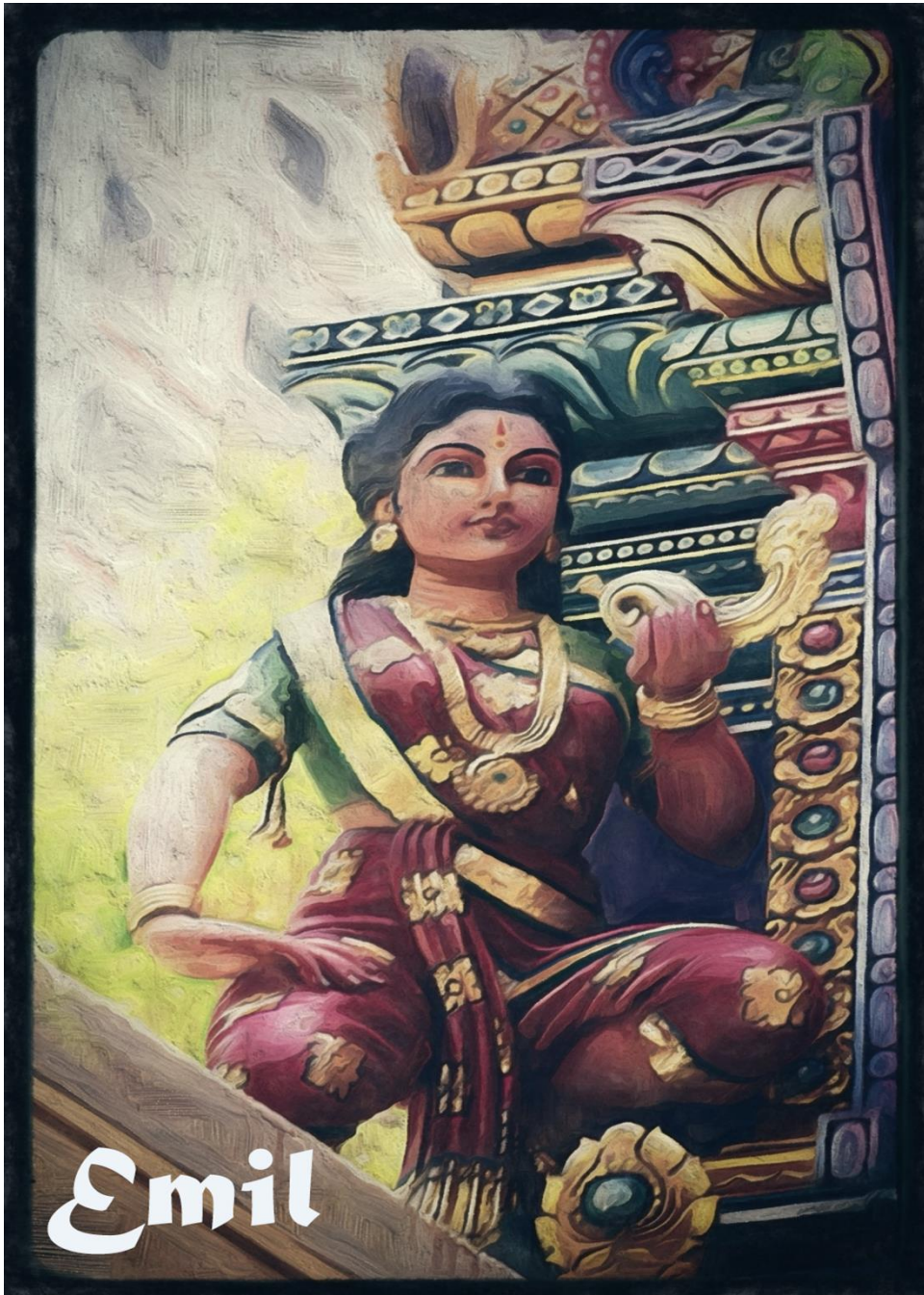


Emil



She was rather naturally more smitten by her lover's dullness than by any other of his qualities; she adored it, it was such a noble contrast to her independent spirit of spontaneity but, over time, this trait grew ever more tiring and ultimately, frustrating...and she left...

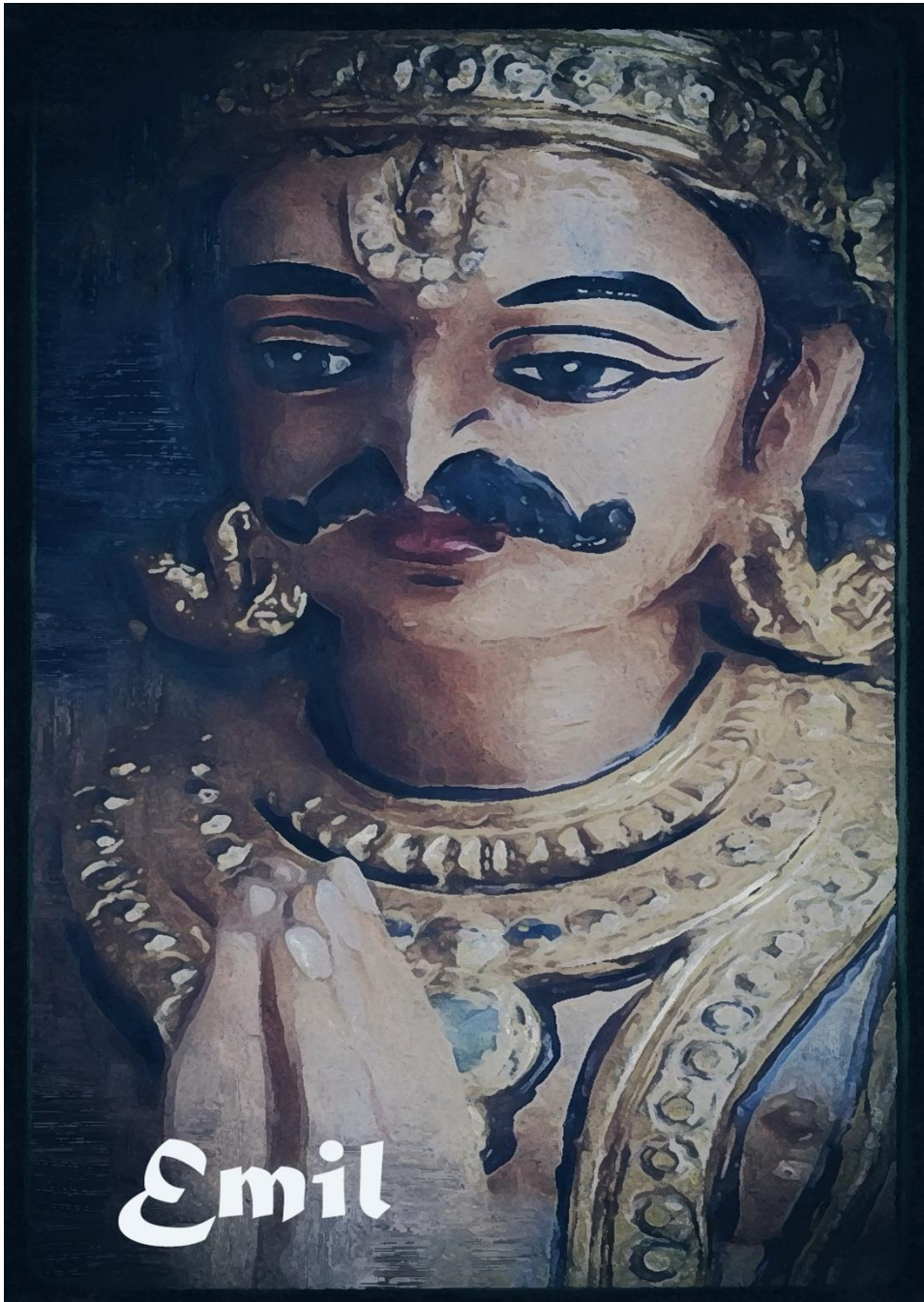




Her mother noted that her daughter cannot be kept in due subjection, either by gifts or kindness, or correct conduct, or the greatest services, or the laws of morality, or by the terror of punishment, for the gods specifically made her brave and bold...

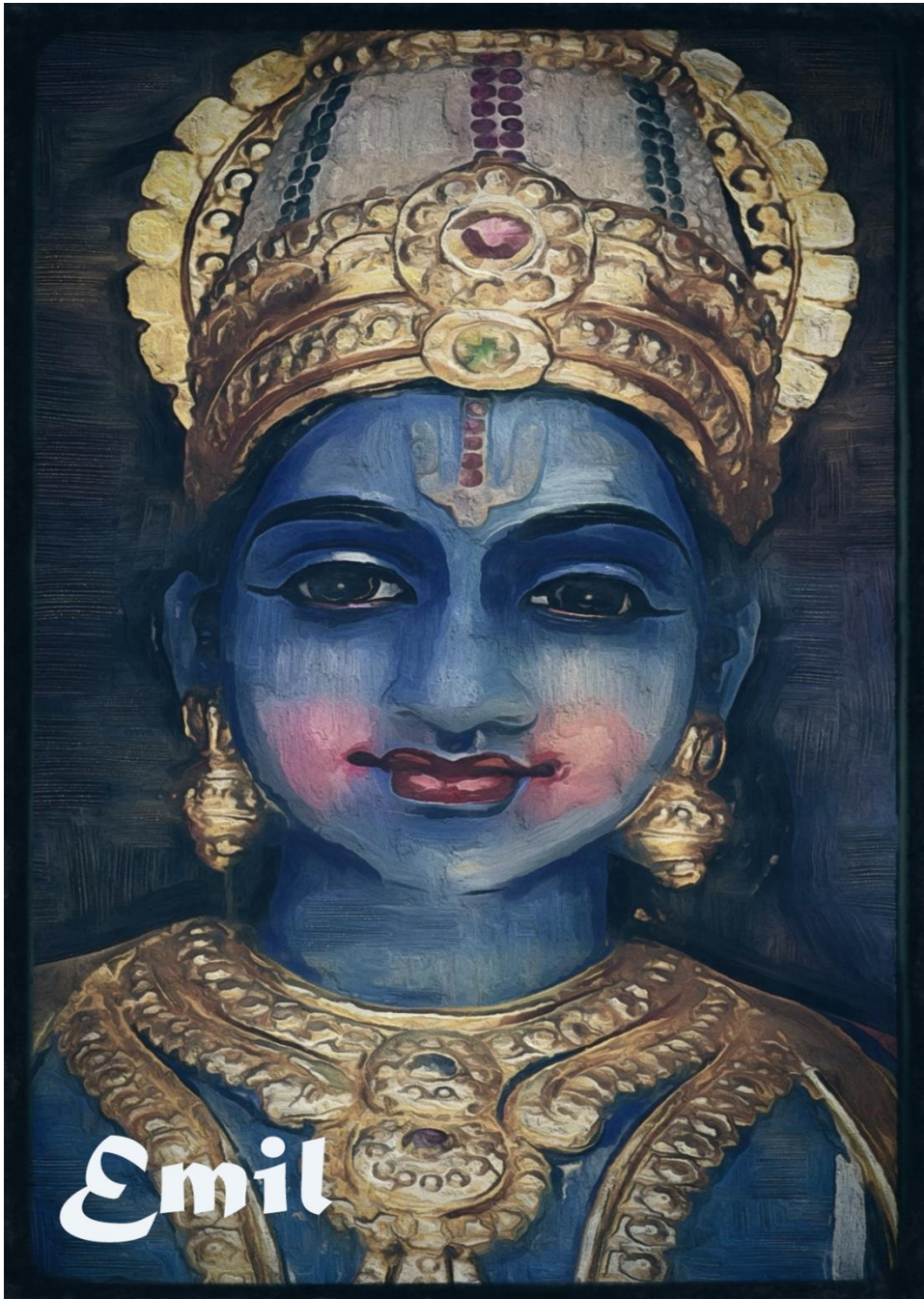


Emil



"Courage is tried in war; integrity in the payment of debt and interest; friendship in distress; and the faithfulness of a wife in the day of poverty" was the council that his father once gave him...

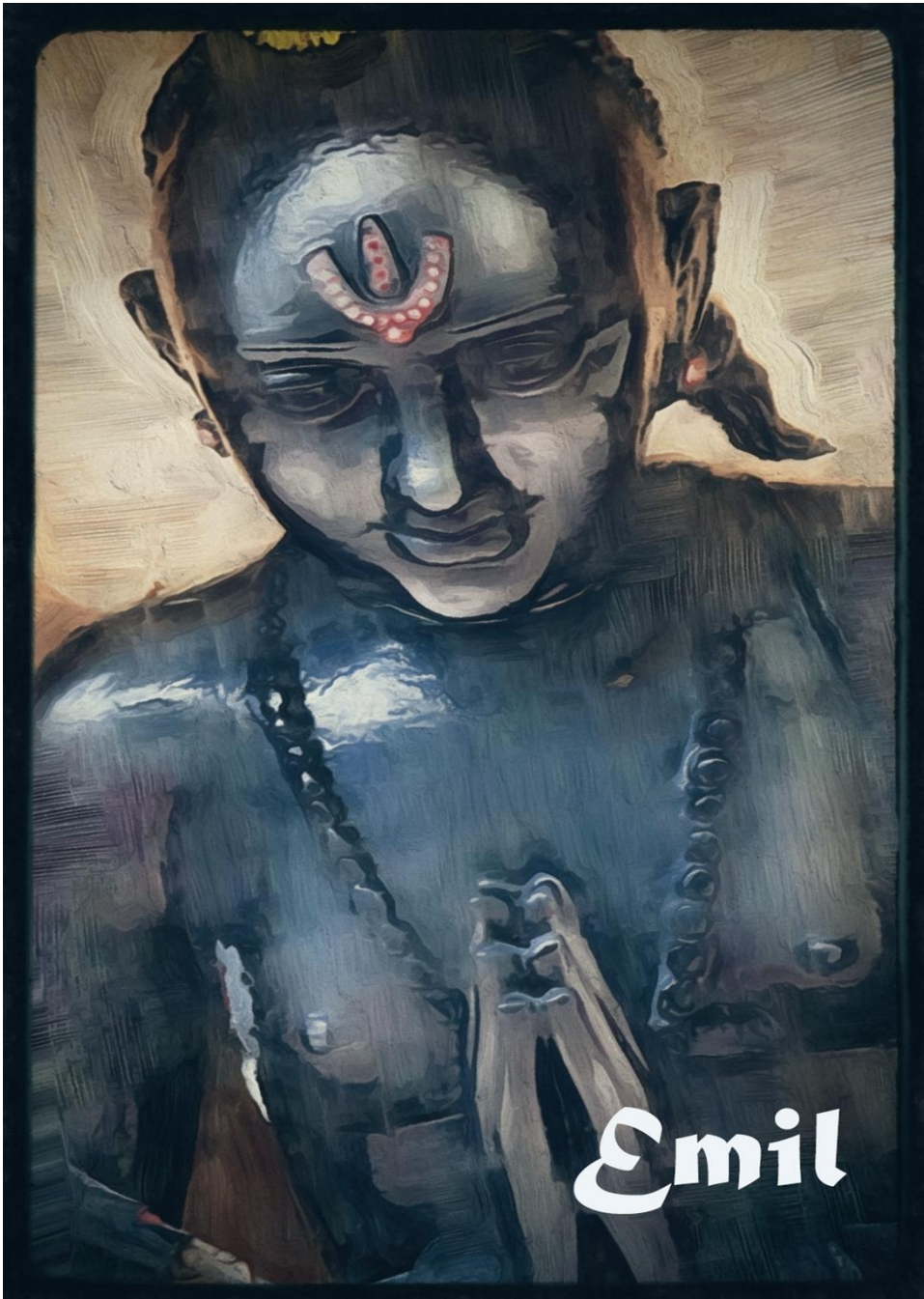




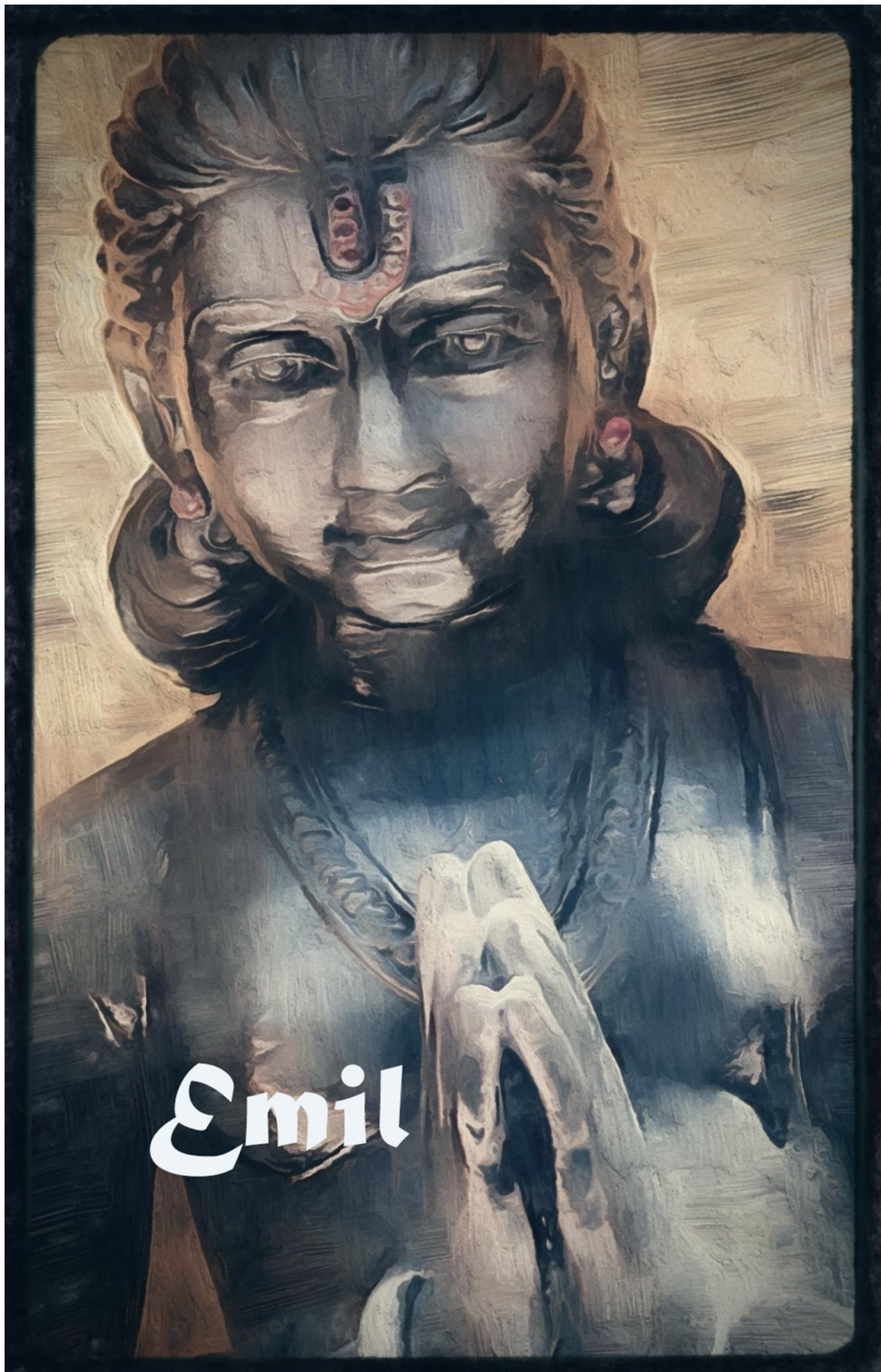
Surely it was owing only to my pride and selfishness that I could ever look upon a man as being capable of bringing me, to give me affording happiness or even security in a time when our nation lays enslaved and broken...RISE!



Emil



Remember, science without understanding is of little use; indeed, understanding is superior to science, and those devoid of understanding perish as did the persons who revived the tiger.

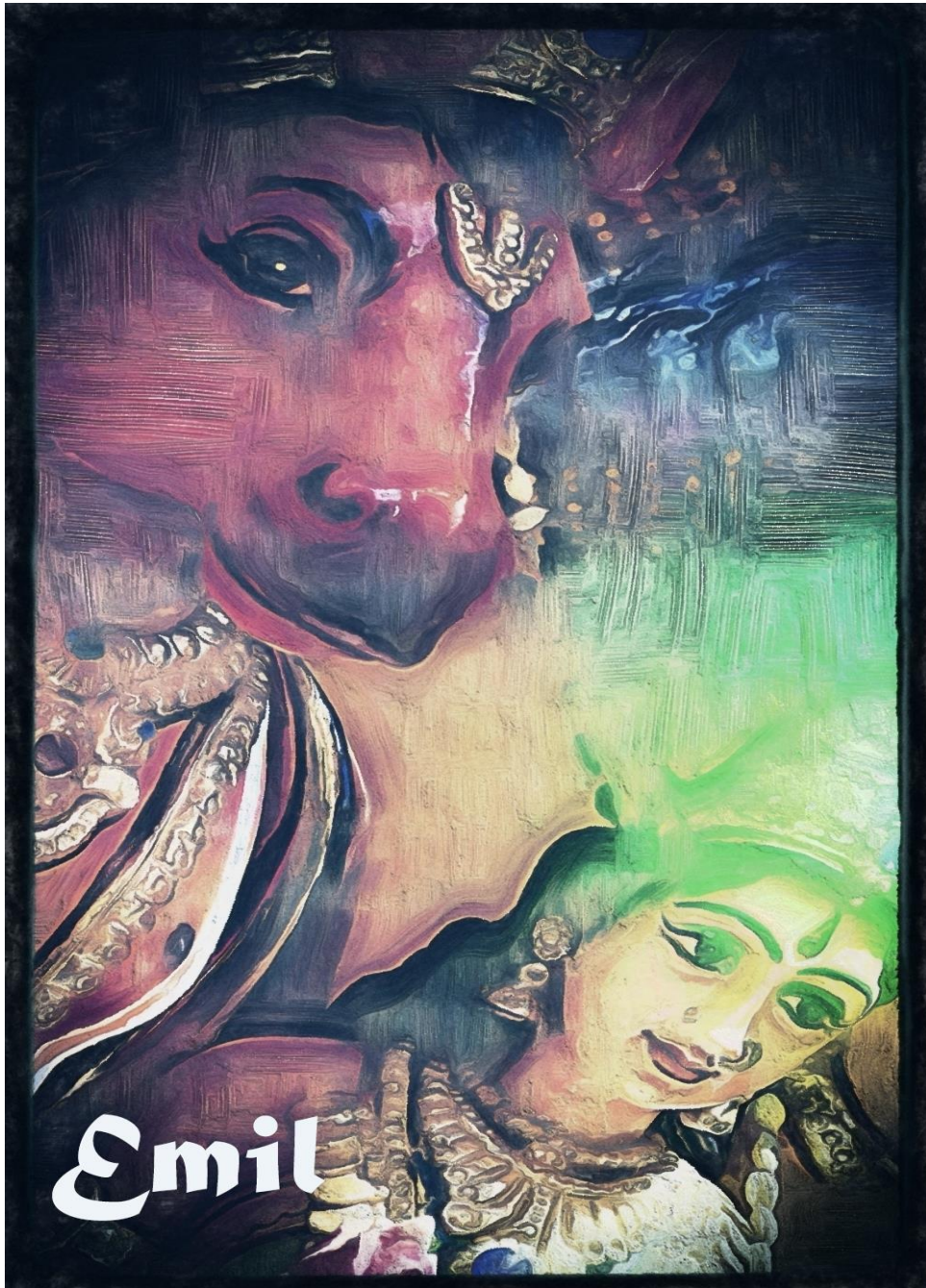




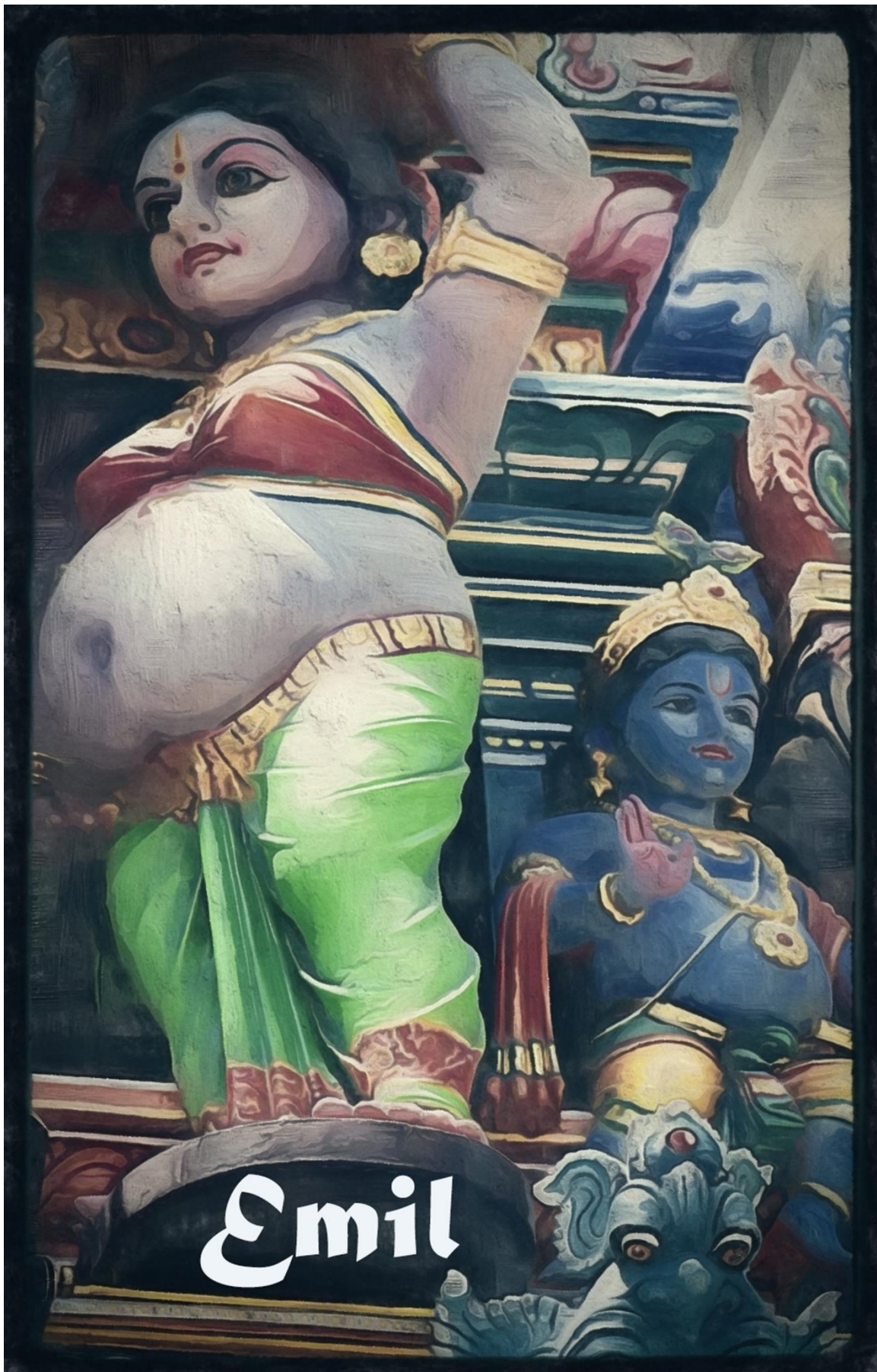
"Either hold your tongue, fellow, or go on with your story," she openly cried out to the utterly surprised and offended Raja, after she gained his attention, she then continued "...I am but wearied out by so many words that have no manner of sense."

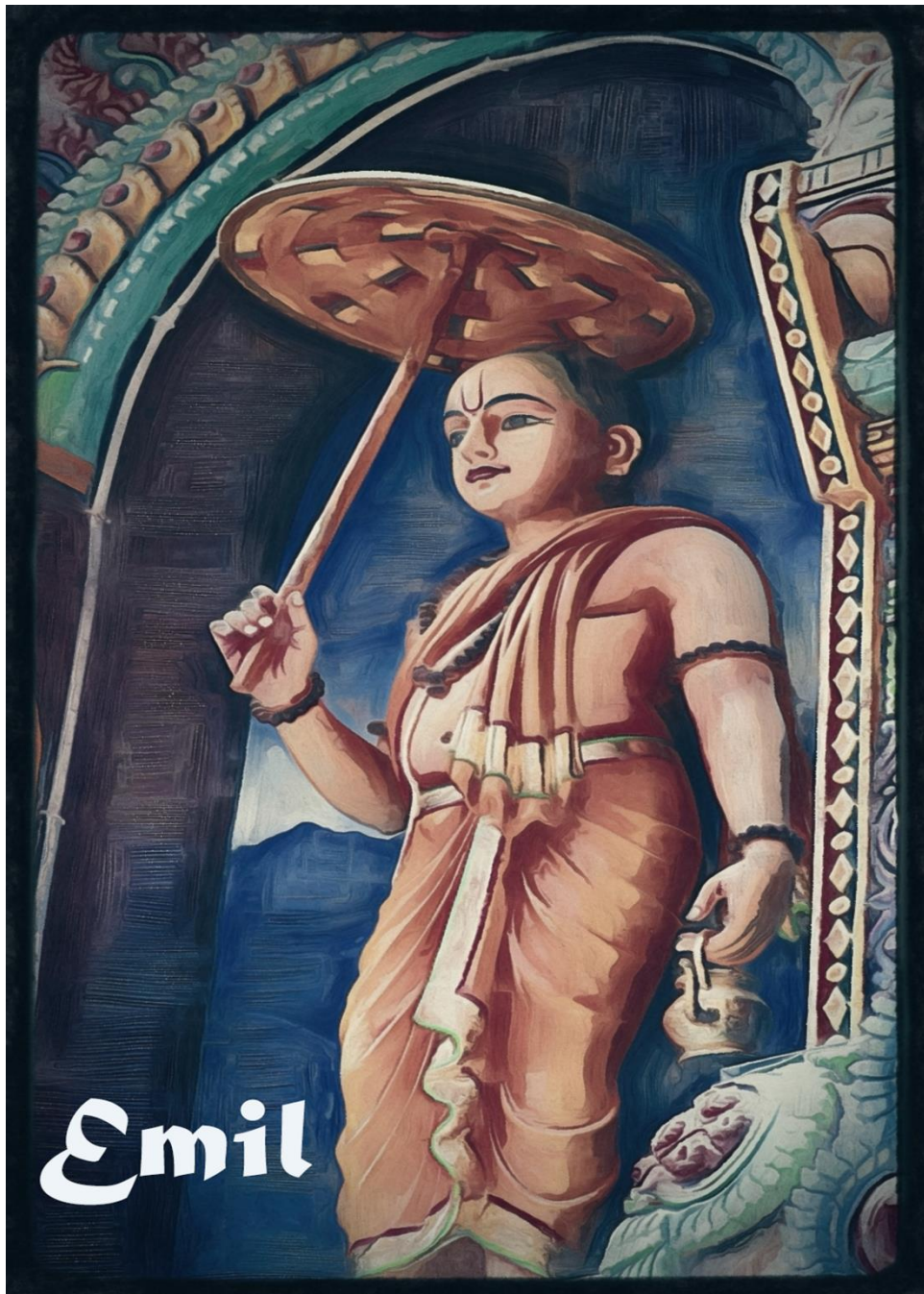
A painting of a Buddha's face, rendered in a style that combines realism with expressive brushstrokes. The Buddha has a serene expression, with dark, almond-shaped eyes and a slight smile. A prominent red tilak is visible on the forehead. The crown is ornate, featuring a central dark oval and several smaller blue and green gemstones. The background is dark and textured, suggesting a cave or a night sky. The name "Emil" is written in a white, stylized font in the bottom left corner.

Emil



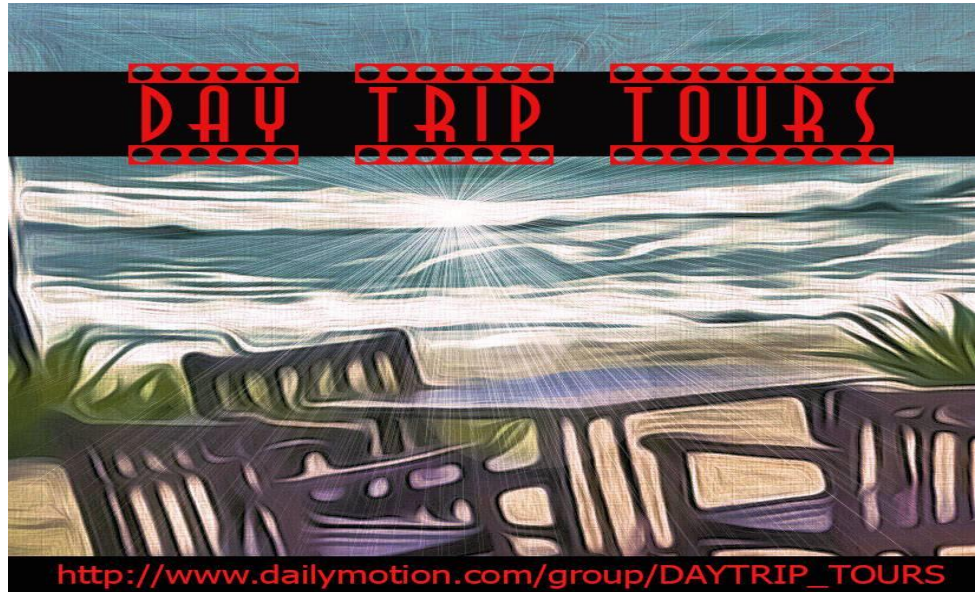
Doubtlessly, some damsel has shot forth the arrows of her glances from the bow of her eyebrows, and thence he has become insensible and is never more than inches from her side!





The Sage stood at the door and he openingly declared that the Revolution, it's time has come and that if you loved India, you must stand tall and as he parted he said Revolution starts with one man standing up and saying "NO!" All words we took to heart and thus, the seed was planted...

Emil



<http://www.youtube.com/user/fredgwest1999>

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